THE AMERICAN WEST

July/August 1981 $3

Noontime Pause
750 Signed and numbered,
plus 35 Artists' Proofs -
18" x 27" full color image on
100% rag paper $75.00 each.

Limited Edition Lithographic Reproductions Now Available

The Savior
950 Signed and numbered, plus
50 Artists' Proofs – 16" x 20"
full color image on 100% rag paper
$60.00 each.

By **Frank Tauriello**

Popular Western Artist and Member –
National Cowboy Hall of Fame

Study in Contrast...These strikingly different paintings demonstrate the great versatility of the artist. Frank Tauriello's extraordinary knowledge of Western Lore is beautifully and authentically interpreted by means of his incomparably effective technique.

Check, Visa or MasterCard acceptable
or for C.O.D. shipment contact...

Brentwood Fine Arts

12301 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 401 • Los Angeles, CA 90025
Telephone (213) 826-6554

Standard Dealer Discount

ALFRED JACOB MILLER 1810–1874

Indians in the Shenandoah Valley | Oil | 9" x 14-1/2"

Calendar of Events
August 28—Robert Bateman and Veryl Goodnight Show—Jackson Gallery
August 29—Harry Jackson Autograph Party—Jackson Gallery

Trailside Galleries

7330 Scottsdale Mall
Scottsdale, Arizona 85251
602-945-7751

SKY HARBOR INTL. AIRPORT
TERMINAL III
Phoenix, AZ 85034
602-275-3847

P.O. Drawer 1149
Jackson, Wyoming 83001
307-733-3186

Carl E. Smith

COLD JOURNEY HOME Oil 24x36

OTHER ARTISTS

Joe Beeler, CAA • Tracy Beeler • Reynolds Brown • Shef Chadhorn • Chester Comstock • Jasper D'Ambrosi
Nick Eggenhofer, CAA • Howard Forsberg • Bill Freeman • Pershing Geiger • B. Giles • Skip Glomb
JoAnne Hennes • Glen Hopkinson • Harold I. Hopkinson • Gerald McCann • Gregory McHuron
Holly Merrifield • Vel Miller • Bill Nebeker, CAA • Carolyn Neis • Jim Norton • Ken Ottinger • John Rasberry
Guy Robinett • Barbara Schaffner • Frank E. Schoonover • Conrad Schwiering, NAWA • Leo Z. Sherman
Lyle Tayson • L'Deane Trueblood

ALONG THE OREGON TRAIL
IN THE HEART OF BIG WYOMING. . . .

OREGON TRAIL
fine arts Gallery

1737 EAST SECOND STREET
CASPER, WYOMING 82601

Telephone 307-265-8486
Silvie Gordy, Director

Important American Art

FENN
GALLERIES LTD.
1075 Paseo de Peralta
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
505/982-4631

Fenn Publishing Company is seeking paintings and biographical information for forthcoming books on Taos artists: Joseph H. Sharp, Leon Gaspard, and E.L. Blumenschein.

GEORGE CATLIN 1796-1872

Beggars Dance of Teton Sioux 1832 watercolor 6¾" x 10½"

seabourn studio

6105 Covington Lane
Oklahoma City, OK 73132
(405) 722-1631

"MORNING WHISPERS"

22 by 32 inches
Limited edition of 1000 prints
Signed & numbered by the artist
Issue price: $60 (Plus $5.00 shipping)

A young Cherokee maiden shares her secrets with a Mocking Bird. In the beginning, man communicated openly with all animals. It was only after man spoke of his superiority over them did the animals stop talking to all but the innocent.

Usual dealer discounts apply

THE
AMERICAN WEST

July/August 1981 Volume XVIII, Number 4

COURTESY, ARIZONA HERITAGE CENTER

Cover
Fourth of July Fashion

This arresting picture of feminine patriotism captures thirteen young Tucson women at a municipal Fourth of July party in the 1890s. Proud symbols of the thirteen original states, they appeal to our memory of the past, evoking America's youthful spirit of hope and confidence. These eye-catching outfits of star-spangled shirtwaists and striped, pleated skirts clearly reflect their models' sense of style and skill with a needle and thread.

In this issue we honor our independence with a collection of old Fourth of July photographs taken throughout the American West. Whether the celebrating was done in Logan Grove, Kansas, or Fortuna, California, this national holiday inspired high-spirited fun. Bunting bloomed on trains, floats, and children's buggies; paraders and picnickers turned out en masse; and every free hand enthusiastically waved the grand old flag. Both public festivities and private family moments provided appealing subjects for the photographer whose images of the day add to the entertaining record of American traditions. The Fourth of July in pictures—we share it with you.

20 **Portrait for a Western Album**
by Neal T. Ricker
Joe Webb: "Stagecoach driving wasn't glamorous, just dusty."

22 **Who Says Pictures Never Lie?**
by Joseph W. Snell
Historical photographs yield secrets

28 **Silverado Honeymoon**
by Robert Leonard Reid
Robert Louis Stevenson's idyllic adventure

36 **Frederic Remington**
by Peter H. Hassrick
Maker of lasting Western images

43 **Parades, Parties, Picnics**
A real Western Fourth of July

48 **Western Aviator John Montgomery**
by Weston George
He made the first controlled winged flight

56 **Where We Are**
by Gary Snyder
Photographs by Wynn Bullock

6 **Editor's Notes**

8 **Letters to the Editor**

12 **Western Lookout**

16 **Gourmet & Grub**

18 **Hidden Inns & Lost Trails**

62 **The American West Review**

64 **Western Books in Brief**

72 **Western Snapshots**

THE AMERICAN WEST (ISSN 0003-1534) is published in January, March, May, July, September, and November by the American West Publishing Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, a nonprofit educational organization, Mrs. Henry H. R. Coe, chairman. Editorial, circulation and advertising offices are reached at Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717. Newsstand price: $3.00. Back issues: $5.00. Subscriptions: one year $15.00; two years $25.00; three years $35.00 (outside U.S. and Canada $3.00 per year extra). Manuscripts should be sent to the above address. Subscription correspondence and orders should be sent to Box 1960, Marion, Ohio 43305. However, members of the Western History Association should address communications regarding subscriptions to William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557. THE AMERICAN WEST will consider, but assumes no responsibility for, unsolicited material. Copyright ©1981 by the American West Publishing Company. Second-class postage paid at Tucson, Arizona, and additional post offices.
Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to THE AMERICAN WEST, Box 1960, Marion, Ohio 43305.

Editor's Notes

GARY SNYDER

PHOTO BY FREDERIC BRUNKE. COURTESY, NEW DIRECTIONS PUBLISHING CORP.

WYNN BULLOCK

COURTESY, EDNA BULLOCK
PHOTO BY JOAN MURRAY, 1972

When we wrote to Gary Snyder that we planned to use his essay "Where We Are" in this issue with a portfolio of Wynn Bullock's photographs, our letter came back with "great" penned in Gary's precise hand in the margin.

When we spoke to Edna Bullock to tell her of our plans, the response was identical—"great."

When our art director Debbie Niwa put Bullock's photographs on the layout board beside the Snyder essay, we heard it again, this time from the other designers and editors at THE AMERICAN WEST—"great!"

As it turned out, Debbie was so impressed she decided to publish Bullock's photographs in two-color black: a technique usually reserved for fine photography books that makes the picture stand out from the printed page.

Thus, with Debbie's assistance, Snyder and Bullock are working together in THE AMERICAN WEST as naturally as though they'd been colleagues in publishing for a lifetime (Bullock died in 1975).

Publishing these two men together also represents a long-held dream of this editor. I've had the opportunity to hear Snyder read his poetry on several occasions, and in 1974 I attended a photography workshop at Ansel Adams's studio in Yosemite in which Bullock's words as well as his images were the high point of the week.

Snyder and Bullock are western historians in a unique sense that transcends the usual meaning of that word. Each in his own medium has taken history—personal, collective, internal, and environmental, human and natural (not that they should be listed separately)—and created poetry and deeply arresting images, thus totally avoiding what Wendell Berry says is our modern proclivity, to be mere "tourists in our own destiny."

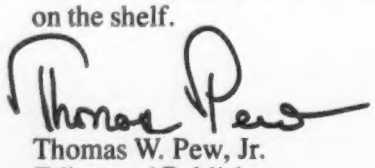
Thus we find Snyder writing: "We are many selves looking at each other through the same eye. Sometime in the last ten years the best brains of the Occident discovered to their amazement that we live in an Environment. This discovery has been forced on us by the realization that we are approaching the limits of something."

And Bullock, when he took the time to climb out from under the black hood behind his large-format, view-camera once said: "In the still picture, a deep paradoxical truth exists. Objects can be frozen in terms of their specific, physical external qualities, but the *mind* can respond to these same objects as events in time."

History or time is not frozen in either Bullock's images or Snyder's essay, and what these artists have to "say," although highly personal, is simultaneously universal, probing into our own sense of ourselves. The answer to the riddle of the limits of that "something" each of us is approaching, individually, as well as collectively, is certainly the most significant historical question on every level.

Occasionally a writer or a photographer can help us out in this search for the answer to the riddle (and we search whether we are aware of it or not, waking or sleeping). When a writer or photographer can help with such painfully beautiful touchstones of truth as provided in this issue by Snyder and Bullock, we have something that is "great."

We think that word will be heard a few more times before this issue is put on the shelf.



Thomas W. Pew, Jr.
Editor and Publisher

THE AMERICAN WEST

Editor and Publisher
Thomas W. Pew, Jr.

Managing Editor
Mae Reid-Bills

Assistant Editors
Nancy Bell Rollings
Mary Gretchen Limper

Art Director and Production Manager
Debra K. Niwa

Art/Production Assistant
Dawn Cocomello

General Manager
Douglas P. Newton

Business Manager
Barbara Ramsier

Advertising Director
Archibald M. Brown, Jr.

Advertising Sales
Fred Abrams

Circulation Manager
S. Thomas Low, Jr.

Staff Assistant
Kristin L. Dolgaard

Director, Buffalo Bill Historial Center
Peter H. Hassrick

Western History Association Representative
Everett L. Cooley

Editorial Board
Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.
Peter E. Palmquist

Appointed by Western History Association:
W. Eugene Hollon
Donald E. Worcester
Richard A. Bartlett
Richard Lowitt
Maxine Benson
C. L. Sonnichsen

The Colts that made history are still being made.

Colt Walker and Baby Dragoon

These are the guns that changed the world forever in the mid-1800's. The authentic Colt black powder revolvers, built to original specifications.

All are richly color case hardened and blued, just as they were then. All have the authentic Colt markings. Even their serial numbers are continuations of the first models.

When modern concepts of personal weaponry were first being formed, the name Colt set the standard for quality that still stands today. The real Colts, for those who appreciate the difference. At your dealer now.

Because only Colt makes a Colt.

1st, 2nd and 3rd Model Dragoons

1860 Army

1851 and 1861 Navy

"Beware of counterfeits and patent infringements."

Important product and service literature accompany every Colt sale; be sure to ask for yours.

1862 Pocket Navy and Pocket Police

© Colt Industries Operating Corp 1981

the authentic Colt BLACKPOWDER series

Sam Colt

For more product purchase information on Colt's full line of Blackpowder revolvers, write: Colt Firearms, Dept BP-1, P.O. Box 1868, Hartford, CT 06102.

Letters

Southwest maps

Dear Editor:

I am writing to inform you that the exhibition now at the Amon Carter Museum, "Crossroads of Empire: Early Printed Maps of Texas and the Southwest, 1513-1900," was researched and prepared by J. C. Martin, Director of the San Jacinto Museum of History, and Robert Martin, of the University of North Carolina. They are the authors of a forthcoming book by the same title. We regret that their contributions to the exhibition and forthcoming book were not mentioned by Michael Duty in the article that appeared in your May/June issue.

Jan Keene Muhlert
Director, Amon
Carter Museum
Fort Worth, Tex.

Masonic picture

Dear Editor:

I was interested in the picture on page 38 of the May/June issue of THE AMERICAN WEST which you designate as presumably reflecting the election of President U. S. Grant about 1874. The picture is entirely Masonic.

COURTESY, PETER PALMQUIST COLLECTION

The man is obviously the Master of a Masonic lodge as all Masons who see it will recognize. All items in the picture have a Masonic connotation—the man's hat, the gavel, the apron, the five-pointed stars, the capital letter G, and the broken column. The picture may even be of Grant himself who was a Mason, but I doubt this.

In your own interest I think you should publish a correction of this error as it is in no way political.

Lloyd Campbell
Dallas, Texas

We thank our many readers who wrote to tell us of the Masonic significance of the picture.–Ed.

Oatman massacre

Dear Editor:

In the Richard Dillon article on the Oatman massacre, the author has the Oatmans traveling from Tucson to the Gila River Pimas via "Picacho and Casa Grande." The railroad station of Casa Grande did not come into existence until the spring of 1879. The ruin called Casa Grande stood off to the east of the immigrant road.

And, by 1851, the wagon road the Oatmans followed technically was no longer the Philip St. George Cooke path. Cooke had sense enough to follow existing trails to sources of water, and swung south of Picacho via the Santa Cruz River *charcos*. In 1848, however, Lt. Col. Lawrence Graham's command cut through the pass between the Picacho and the main range, and thereafter the Forty-Niners followed the most recent tracks—Graham's ruts. In terms of an even longer deviation from Cooke's route, it was Graham who swung south to the headwaters of the Santa Cruz River and the village of Santa Cruz, then downstream past Tumacacori and Tubac to Tucson. Cooke had crossed the San Pedro and climbed the pass between the Rincon and Whetstone mountains to reach Tucson. Again, the Forty-Niners

Continued on page 10

THE AMERICAN WEST
is published by the
BUFFALO BILL
HISTORICAL CENTER
Cody, Wyoming

THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER is a nonprofit institution dedicated to preserving and exhibiting the heritage of the American West. It is also home of four major museums whose exhibits of art, ethnographic materials, and historic artifacts reflect more than one hundred years of America's colorful past. Together the museums at the Center offer an extensive view of frontier life.

The Buffalo Bill Museum, dedicated in 1927, holds the largest collection of Buffalo Bill material in the world. The Whitney Gallery of Western Art, begun in 1959, features masterworks of American painting and sculpture. The Plains Indian Museum, opened in 1969, brings to life the rich traditions of Native Americans in the West. And the Winchester Museum, whose permanent exhibit hall was completed in 1980, records the history of American firearms through the magnificent gun collection Oliver Winchester began in 1860.

Membership in the Center's Patrons' Association is open to anyone interested in America's western heritage. Annual membership includes subscriptions to THE AMERICAN WEST published six times a year and a quarterly newsletter, free museum admission, and discounts on museum publications. Categories are: Individual—$25, Family—$50, Sponsor—$100, Sustaining—$500, and Benefactor—$1,000. Donations are tax deductible and should be sent to Box 1020, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

Governor's Invitational Western Art Show & Sale

July 16-26, 1981

presented by

Cheyenne Frontier Days Old West Museum

Art Sale
July 16
($30 per person, tickets purchased in advance)

Art Show
July 17-26

Robert Abbett
Wayne Baize
Joe Beeler
Clark Bronson
Jon Bronson
Harley Brown
Duane Bryers
Nick Eggenhoffer
Fred Fellows
Nicholas Firfires
John Free
Richard Grieves
David Halbach

All Proceeds to Old West Museum

For complete details, ticket reservations, contact:

Cheyenne Frontier Days
Old West Museum
P.O. Box 2824
Cheyenne, WY 82001
307/634-8400

E.E. "Bud" Helbig
Roy Kerswill
Ted Long
George Marks
Bob Moline
Bill Moyers
Bill Nebeker
Bill Owen
Frank Polk
Tom Ryan
Conrad Schwiering
Bob Scriver
Fritz White

CLARK BRONSON BRONZES

THE MOST WIDELY COLLECTED SCULPTURES IN THE WORLD

Clark Bronson has been acclaimed one of the world's foremost sculptors of wildlife. His highly detailed and exquisite bronze sculptures are extensively publicized, and found in great art collections everywhere. You can hedge against inflation by investing your dollars wisely, and at the same time, bring nature to life in your home or office by adding an impressive Bronson bronze to your decor. These and other beautiful limited-edition series are priced from $500. For a brochure and more information write or call Janet or Audrey at Clark Bronson Studios.

Clark sketching elk

Old Silvertip 14"H x 15"W

Bobwhite Burst 16"H x 15"W

Down Windswept Peaks 13"H x 15"W

CLARK BRONSON STUDIOS • 17 HITCHING POST ROAD B-2 • BOZEMAN, MONTANA 59715 • (406) 587-4868

Zuni Water Olla, Ca. 1890

THE MUDD-CARR GALLERY

Specializing in fine Native American and
Spanish Colonial art for the corporate and
private collector.
We have excellent collections of Pueblo ceramics
and Navajo blankets.
338 E. DeVargas St. • Santa Fe, NM 87501 • 505-982-8206
Open 10–5 throughout the summer.

Dove

Sculpture in bronze

"Eastern Chipmunk"
Height: 7"
Length: 7"
Limited Edition: 30
Price: $300
Bronze sculpture
mounted on driftwood

To own this lovely
sculpture contact:

Sheryl
Dove Enterprises
P.O. Box 3787
Granada Hills, CA 91344
(213) 360-2082
Other sculptures available.

Letters *(Continued from page 8)*

generally followed Graham's tracks to Santa Cruz where many hoped to and some did obtain supplies.

Henry F. Dobyns
Gainesville, Fla.

Dear Mr. Dobyns:

. . . You are probably correct in assuming that the Oatmans followed Colonel Graham's tracks, as did the Texas Argonauts before them (see my *Gila Trail,* University of Oklahoma). But the Oatman party had never heard of Graham and knew their route only as the Kearny-Cooke Road. And we are not sure as to the exact track of the blundering Roys Oatman. His son, Lorenzo, described the desert stretch as the worst they'd seen. He did not mention Picacho (the peak, not the RR station) nor the Casa Grande, but neither did he mention the lower Santa Cruz, if they followed it to the Pima Villages. In any case, we did not have space to consider guesses about the exact route of the party, even educated guesses. The geography is all jumbled, incidentally, in the reminiscences of the survivors. . . .

Richard H. Dillon
Sausalito, Calif.

Dear Editor:

As a new subscriber, I was surprised at the artistic quality, factual and readable stories in my first issue of TAW. I have been an amateur historian of the American West nearly all my life but I found at least one episode, "Tragedy at Oatman Flat," that I was not familiar with. I hope to remain a subscriber for a long time. The entire magazine was very enjoyable reading.

Larry Stone
Franklin, Ky.

Dear Richard Dillon:

I read with great interest your article on Olive Oatman in the March/April 1981 issue of THE AMERICAN WEST. My family possesses a letter from Olive, written to my great, great uncle, Robert Kelly, in May, 1856. I enclose a copy of the letter and a typed transcription. The original is much easier to read, but it does not copy well. . . .

This letter from Olive was found in

Robert Kelly's things some twenty or twenty-five years after his death.... My grandfather figured out that Robert would have been laid up with a broken leg at the time he received the letter, so we are sure he did not go to see her at the time she was in El Monte. Although her letter hints of romance, it seems highly unlikely if she was 13 and he 25 (he was born December 25, 1825). More likely he had been friendly or kind to her and in captivity she made a great deal of the memory. Her whole letter has an overblown floweryness to it....

Maud E. Schaefer
Fresno, Calif.

The letter from Olive to Robert Kelly follows.–Ed.

El Monte Los Angeles Co. May
Dear Friend Robert
it is with plasure that I take my pen in hand to informe you that I am A live yet & am enjoying god helth. Lorenzo is well at present. I am very much disapointed in not giting that book containing our ages and birthdays I understand that your Brother had. I have ben going to school one Month this next Friday. I have looked fore a letter ever since I have ben hear to hear from you but have looked in vane. Lorenzo wrote to John as soon as we got hear but have not received An ancer yet. I feel once more like my self since I have risen from the dead and landed once more in A civilized world. Robert the events of the past five years of my life has ben misery and dispare. I have ben a slave to those [fiends(?)] that comited the bloody masicree to toile and worke fore them that had the blood of them that ware near and dear to me [storred(?)] up under thare hands. that driven the happy smiles from my brow and be (?) my life was with tears. I would like to tell you the whole story but I have not time at present. Lorenzo is at work at Mr. Lewis ever since we got hear. I cannot see what is the reson should be that you have not written but A few lines to me before this if you knew how often I have [dreamed(?)] of you! I have not forgoton whare we parted, that orcherd. please come up and see me before I take A notion to go away. write and tell me A bout the country and things. it seems like A dream to me to look back and see what I had ben thrue and just now waking up. this will do at presant. I have no more time to write. give my best regards to John Celly. Lorenzo sends his best respects to you and your Brother. write as sone as you git this with out delay. Lucy U. Thompson sends her best respects to you all. give my respects to Mr. Morris. and all inquiring friends but remain yours respectfully

Olive A Oatman
to R. Celley [*sic*]
[Recd. June 4, 1856]

W. Herbert Dunton

COURTESY, GERALD PETERS GALLERY, SANTA FE

Dear Editor:

Imagine my surprise when I saw "my picture" on the cover of the May '81 issue of THE AMERICAN WEST! In fact there are two pictures of me because I posed for W. H. (Buck) Dunton for his illustrations for Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage*, and I was the man or men in all of them. Obviously, I was merely a manikin on which to hang cowboy chaps, hats, gloves, guns, spurs, etc. This took place in Taos, New Mexico, in 1917 as I recall. I received the fabulous wage of 25 cents per hour.

On page 24 of the same issue you will note that the title of the Dunton painting is *Ralph Phillips*. That was a mistake. It was so titled by Mr. McAdoo of the

Continued on page 15

We are primary
buyers and sellers of

PAINTINGS OF
THE AMERICAN WEST

For a partial list of
the artists we buy and stock,
see our 1976 Doubleday book

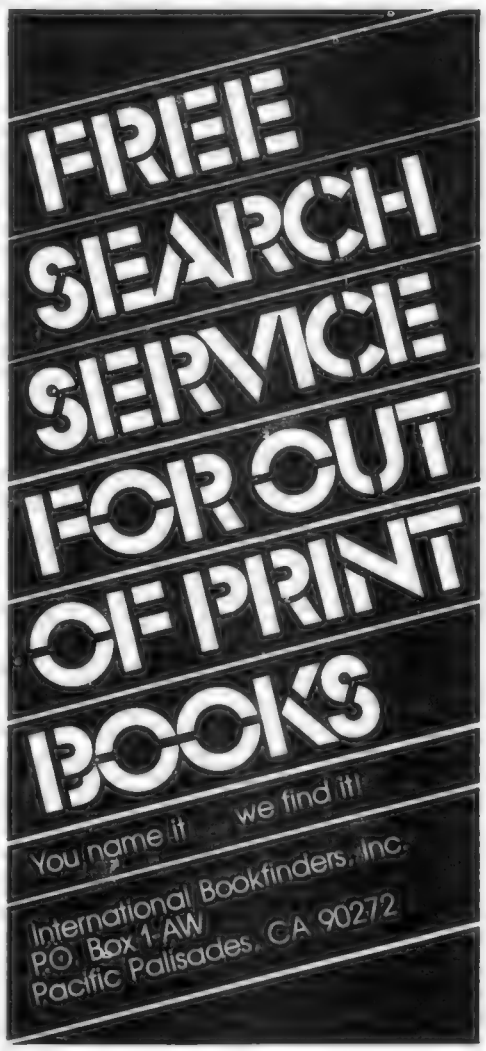
The Illustrated Biographical Encyclopedia of Artists of the American West

Peggy and Harold Samuels
Star Route Box 1281
Corrales NM 87048
1-505/898-7258 (Albuquerque)

Our special interest is anything relating to Frederic Remington for use in our 1981 Doubleday biography

By Appointment Only

We welcome new collectors
of reasonably priced
paintings and drawings.



Western Lookout

Trucking Art. There's a special kind of trailer on the road these days in Colorado. The forty-foot rig stops in small towns, choosing Safeway parking lots and city squares to put down its 100-pound ramps and plug in to electrical power. Then about twenty folks at a time enter for a look at its freight: a portion of the 30,000 objects owned by the Denver Museum of Art. This is the fourth year for ARTREK, a mini-museum on wheels.

The trailer's current visitors are seeing pop art by Andy Warhol as well as Western photography by Ansel Adams—two highlights of the 1981 traveling exhibit "Images of America." "We want to bring to the people an exciting diversity of art, to show America as a melting pot of different cultures," said Barbara Lane-Dowling, public relations director at the Denver Museum of Art. The people of Joes, Colorado, and other isolated communities will see the exhibit free, offering in return lodging for ARTREK's driver and one museum guide. Trucking art all year round poses problems ranging from snow to security, but Coloradoans feel that this show must go on.

Montezuma Gold. Mud fifteen feet below street level at a construction site in Mexico City recently yielded a $25,000 treasure: gold in a ten-inch bar believed to be part of the cache of Cortés. In 1520 the Spanish conquistador seized the golden riches of Aztec Emperor Montezuma II—sacred objects, ornaments, jewelry—and melted them down into bars for transport back to Spain. The greedy plan did not entirely succeed, however. On the night of June 30, 1520, an Indian uprising forced Cortés and his soldiers to flee the city by causeways across Lake Texcoco.

Archaeologists believe that this newly discovered bar was abandoned along the escape route. Coincidentally, the construction of office buildings at the site is being directed by the current guardian of the country's gold, the Bank of Mexico. The four-pound, 22.5-carat bar is now on exhibit at the National Museum of Anthropology.

George Catlin. The American West of busy Indian villages and roving buffalo herds is portrayed in the Smithsonian Institution's current exhibit "George Catlin: The Artist and the American Indian." Showing through September 13 at the National Museum of American Art in Washington, D.C., the exhibit features more than one hundred Catlin works painted between 1830 and 1848. These portraits, landscapes, and scenes of Indian life reflect the artist's interest in natural history and his regard for the American Indian as an example of innocence and virtue.

Remembering the Railroad. A 10,000-square-foot, walk-through diorama is one of the major attractions at the new California State Railroad Museum in Old Sacramento State Historic Park. The first of its kind in a railroad museum, the diorama allows visitors to step back in time to 1865 and the laying of California Pacific track over Donner Summit in the Sierra. Sights, sounds, and smells inside the diorama help bring the past to life. The $14 million museum also houses rolling stock of more than twenty historic locomotives and cars, making it one of the largest and most elaborate interpretive railroad facilities in the world.

American Indian Research. Tribal history and genealogy are among the topics chosen for the Symposium on American Indian Research July 27 through 31 at the National Archives building in Washington, D.C. The meeting will acquaint researchers of American Indians with a wide variety of records and sources, while focusing on research methods. For further information, write: Symposium on American Indian Research, Education Division (NEE), Room 307, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C. 20408.

Canadian Attractions. A record number of Americans visited Canada last year—38.5 million. While tourists find lower gas prices there, treasure hunters are discovering something more. In 1971 a keg of gold and silver coins worth about $250,000 was retrieved from the top timber of an old mine tunnel in British Columbia, a site which keeps yielding treasures at the rate of twenty-five a year. Another find for a treasure-seeking American was a satchel of gold coins worth $20,000 unearthed in 1978 at the site of an old trading post in Edmonton, Alberta. Still-undiscovered riches include two gold bars buried after an 1896 mine robbery in Camp McKinney, British Columbia, near the U.S. border.

Pancho Villa: Bronzed Bandit

As Pancho Villa crossed the border into the United States for the first time in sixty-five years, THE AMERICAN WEST heard distinct sounds of protest amid the cheers. This time the Mexican revolutionary arrived on a flatbed truck—a five-ton, fourteen-foot equestrian bronze sent to Arizona as a $260,000 gift from Mexican President José López Portillo.

Cheered by crowds at the El Paso–Juárez border, the bronzed Villa met a distinctly cooler reception in Tucson where Mexicans and Americans alike remember Villa's record of ruthlessness throughout the Southwest. "I think it's a mistake to put up a statue here in his honor," said University of Arizona historian Bernard Fontana, adding "the statue may be in for a rough time."

For Bernardo R. Acedo and other relatives of Villa's victims living in Tucson, the bronze memorializes a murderer. "*Villistas* shot my grandfather under Pancho Villa's personal command," Acedo told THE AMERICAN WEST in an exclusive interview the day the statue arrived in Tucson. "His firing squad took the lives of seventy-four innocent people in my family's pueblo, San Pedro de la Cueva." Historians have documented this Sonoran massacre which occurred December 2, 1915, a year before *Villistas* killed seventeen Americans on a train at Santa Isabel, Chihuahua, and raided the North American town of Columbus, New Mexico, killing sixteen.

"There's no question that it's [the statue] a controversial issue, no question at all," said a spokesman for Arizona Governor Bruce Babbitt who accepted the bronze. "But we've emphasized the fact that it's a gesture of friendship by the Mexican government, and we're receiving it as such." According to Acedo, a statue of Villa was previously offered to Hermosillo, Mexico, and refused.

Acedo said, "Things should be good between the United States and Mexico. When a gift is offered by one country to another it is difficult to say no. But a gift of a statue of a man who murdered and raped the people of an innocent village in Sonora? What is the meaning of such a gift?"

Yes, enter my personal subscription!

☐ One Year, $15 ☐ Bill me

☐ Three Years, $35 ☐ Payment enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

THE AMERICAN WEST is published every other month. Look for your first copy in 4–6 weeks.

EI67E-6

Yes, enter my personal subscription!

☐ One Year, $15 ☐ Bill me

☐ Three Years, $35 ☐ Payment enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

THE AMERICAN WEST is published every other month. Look for your first copy in 4–6 weeks.

EI67L-6

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 695 MARION, OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

THE
AMERICAN WEST
Subscription Services Dept.
P.O. Box 1960
Marion, Ohio 43306

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 695 MARION, OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

THE
AMERICAN WEST
Subscription Services Dept.
P.O. Box 1960
Marion, Ohio 43306

COURTESY, TUCSON CITIZEN PHOTO BY LEW ELLIOTT

Tractor Antics. More than thirty steam-powered tractors and engines will lumber out on the Pawnee, Oklahoma, fairgrounds July 24 through 26 for the Oklahoma Steam Threshers Show. These outmoded farming vehicles are far from rusty. During the show the machines will compete at plowing fields, threshing wheat, and running saw and grist mills. Another popular competition is the slow race, won by the last vehicle to cross the finish line without stalling along the way. Square dances and craft displays accompany the annual show, begun several years ago by forty-two, steam-engine-loving Oklahoma families. While the goal of the Oklahoma Steam Threshers Association is "the restoration and preservation of the tools of early day agriculture," meeting this goal seems to involve a good deal of old-fashioned fun.

Kansas Fairs. Brass bands and hot air balloons are planned to accentuate the August 9 opening of "Come to the Fair," an exhibit on Kansas county fairs at the Kansas State Historical Society. The Topeka exhibit will include displays on the history of Kansas fairs from the 1850s through the 1920s as well as an audiovisual program exploring the future role of fairs in the state. After September 5 "Come to the Fair" will go on tour throughout Kansas.

Missing Colts. While Tombstone's tough characters Billy Clanton and Frank McLaury lost their lives in 1881 at the O.K. Corral, their Colt revolvers have recently been posted on a wanted list. Harold O. Love, O.K. Corral owner and publisher of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, is offering a $40,000 reward for the recovery of the historic handguns: Colt Single Action Army Frontier models caliber 44-40, serial numbers 46338 and 52196. The guns disappeared after being used as evidence in the Earp-Holliday murder trial which followed the shootout. Love hopes the Colts will be found in time for the town's 100th anniversary of the gunfight next October.

Tom Sawyer Days. There should be enough frog jumping, raft racing, fence painting, and general merrymaking in Hannibal, Missouri, the first five days in July to rouse the spirit of the town's favorite son, Mark Twain. Begun by the Hannibal Jaycees in 1956, Tom Sawyer Days now draw a crowd of about 30,000 for a series of competitions inspired by Twain's famous novel of adventure. Children dressed as Tom and Huck demonstrate their whitewashing techniques during the National Fence Painting Contest, recently expanded to include painters over thirty as well. The festivities also include a Coast Guard–monitored raft race down a two-mile stretch of the Mississippi.

Alaska State Fair. When the Alaska State Fair comes to Palmer, this little town in the Matanuska Valley expands to 100 times its normal size. More than 200,000 people are expected for this year's fair, August 28 through September 4. Now the largest outdoor event in the state, the fair features a variety of crafts and foods as well as a rodeo and other sports. The most unusual attraction, however, is a display of giant vegetables produced by the valley's long periods of daylight.

Schoolhouse Study. Over $250,000 from the National Endowment for the Humanities is now being used to study a vital aspect of our Western heritage: the country school. Directed by the Mountain Plains Library

Continued on page 70

THE AMERICAN WEST is sponsored by the WESTERN HISTORY ASSOCIATION

President
Vernon Carstensen
University of Washington, Seattle

Vice President
Mary Lee Spence
University of Illinois, Urbana

Executive Secretary
William D. Rowley
University of Nevada, Reno

Council Members
W. David Baird, Oklahoma State University; Joe B. Frantz, University of Texas at Austin; William S. Greever, University of Idaho, Moscow; Gene M. Gressley, University of Wyoming; William T. Hagan, State University of New York College, Fredonia; William H. Leckie, University of Toledo; Sandra Myres, University of Texas at Arlington; Homer E. Socolofsky, Kansas State University, Manhattan.

Sponsoring Members: American Bibliographical Center—Clio Press; Amon Carter Museum of Western Art; University of Arizona; Arizona Historical Foundation; Arizona Historical Society; Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records; Arizona State University; University of Arkansas; The Bancroft Library; Baylor University; Brigham Young University; Buffalo Bill Historical Center; University of Colorado; Colorado College, Colorado Springs; University of Southern Colorado; Colorado Historical Society; Colorado State University; University of Denver; Denver Public Library; Fort Hays State University; Fort Lewis College; Indiana University; Kansas State Historical Society; Kansas State University; Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History; University of Maryland, College Park; University of Southern Mississippi; University of Missouri System; University of Montana; Montana State University; Western Montana College; University of Nebraska; Nebraska State Historical Society; University of Nevada, Reno; University of New Mexico; New Mexico State University; New York Public Library; University of Oklahoma; Oklahoma Historical Society; Oklahoma State University; University of the Pacific; Pacific Lutheran University; Saint Louis University; San Diego Westerners; State Capitol Museum, Olympia, Washington; East Tennessee State University; University of Texas, Arlington; Texas A&M University; Texas Christian University; Texas Tech University; University of Toledo; United States Air Force Academy; University of Utah; Utah State University; University of Washington; Washington State University; Western Museum of Mining & Industry; University of Wyoming; Eastern Wyoming College; Center for Western Studies, Joslyn Art Museum—Omaha.

Lorenzo...

man of the north, is coming to Texas, California, Arizona, Montana and...

his works will be touring the West. They are now in New York, Canada, England, Germany, Holland...

If Lorenzo has earned the reputation of an outstanding artist it is because he embraces the never ending process of creation. His studio reflects an individual in constant motion, intellectually, spiritually and artistically.

A book is currently being published on Lorenzo's bronzes and the artist also has a new series of works soon to be released.

Watch for him...

The Teacher

Faithful Companion

Nowhere to Go

Proud American

Prairie Pursuit

The Challenge

Vigilant Protector

To bring these beautiful bronzes into your office and home,
write or call Lorenzo Ghiglieri, Inc., 1217 S.W. 19th Ave., Portland, Oregon 97205 • 503/224-4123

©All Rights Reserved 1981/Lorenzo Ghiglieri, Inc.

McAdoo Gallery in Santa Fe because some smart Alec who knew I had posed for Dunton told him that the cowboy was Ralph Phillips. . . . [The present owner] did some research after he purchased the painting and learned from Dunton's son Ivan that the correct title is *A Moment's Rest*. It should have been obvious to McAdoo's informer that when it was painted in 1908, I was only 8 years old.

Ralph J. Phillips
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Patricia Johnson's article in the May/June issue about W. Herbert Dunton gave me a new appreciation for his work. The story's illustrations of Dunton's painting were representative of the artist's style and quite appropriate. However, I hope that you will see fit to use *The Cattle Buyer* in some future issue. Dunton was right, it's one of his best.

Your magazine's new format is sensational. You accurately portray all those wonderful, dynamic, colorful elements that make up the American West.

Harry C. Farr
Kirksville, Mo.

Cowboy cooking

Dear Editor:

I've just been enjoying the fine March/April issue of THE AMERICAN WEST, especially C. O. Peterson's comparison of cowboying today and in the past. I believe he'd agree, though, that someone has probably miscaptioned the chuck wagon picture on pages 28–29 and may lead a few of your readers astray.

The two large "pots" in the foreground are full of baking bread, not stew, since they are cast-iron Dutch ovens, resting in beds of coals shoveled out of the firepit at the cook's feet; coals also cover their lids. After ten minutes or so the cook will use a forked, thumb-thick, green stick, cut like a checkmark (√), to lift off each lid and check the "cowboy bread" (giant sourdough biscuits) or cornbread. The coffee is keeping warm at the right edge of the firepit, and beans or stew is likely to be simmering in the partly covered pot hanging over the pit. In any case, it'll be a more filling meal than burgers and fries and a cola at Macdonald's.

James R. Nicholl
Cullowhee, N.C.

Cowboy boots

Dear Editor:

Just received the May/June issue of your wonderful magazine. Being a new subscriber I started with the March/April issue. But after reading "Letters" in the May/June issue, you got me more excited than a frog caught on the freeway with his hopper busted.

Seems everyone is praising the article on cowboy boots in the January/February issue. My god, one gent wants ten more copies. Is it possible I could have just one more before you sell them all to him? Enclosed $5.00 M.O. Thank you.

Wade Steele
Blaine, Wash.

Kudos

Dear Editor:

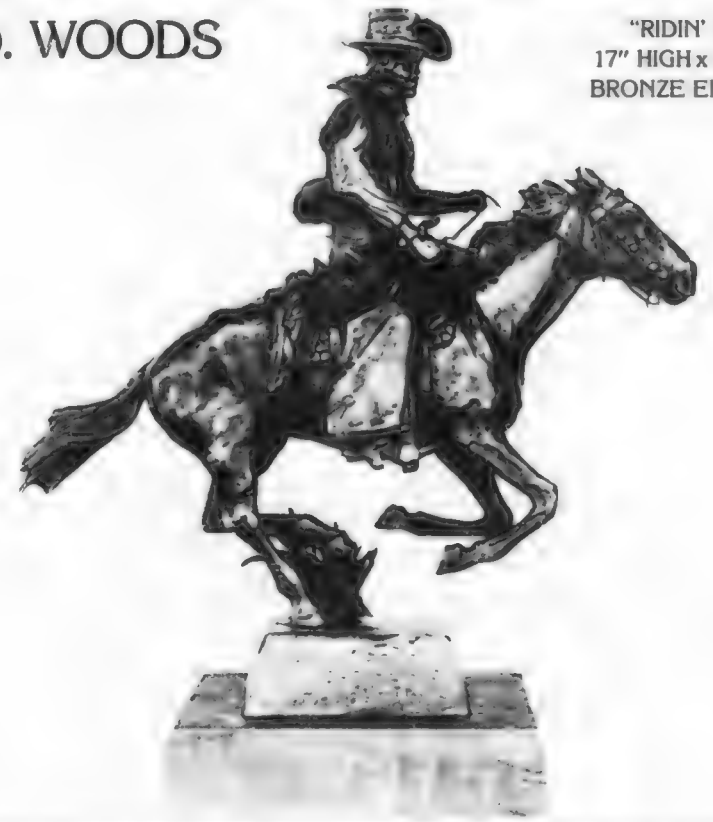
My husband and I would like to congratulate everyone on a fine magazine. . . . Since I am a housewife, I spend many enjoyable hours reading. THE AMERICAN WEST supplied my husband and me with the finest reading ever. We both share an avid interest in the ways of the West, and if we could live again, it would be back in those wonderful days of the 1800s. We hope to be able to read more of THE AMERICAN WEST and once again congratulations on such a fine magazine.

Mrs. James Hogan
Lynchburg, Virginia

THE AMERICAN WEST welcomes relevant letters from its readers. We will endeavor to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, THE AMERICAN WEST, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

J. D. WOODS

"RIDIN' FREE"
17" HIGH x 15" LONG
BRONZE EDITION: 20



WESTERN ART GALLERY

OFF N.W. CORNER OF PLAZA
PHONE (505) 758-4839

DRAWER RRR
TAOS, NEW MEXICO 87571

ILLUSTRATION BY D. COCOMELLO

Legendary staple of the Southwest:

Lowly frijoles

by Stella Hughes

Many historians would lead us to believe that the West was won by guts and guns, while in truth it was beef and beans—the latter playing the greater role. There's a legend in Mexico that in order to set up housekeeping, you need a *petate* to sleep on, a picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe, a string of *chiles,* and a bean pot. A similar legend in the Southwest says a beginning rancher needs a sourdough starter, a jerky line, and a bean pot. Some add, "and a long loop" (cowboy lingo for a rustler's rope).

The beans for the pot are what Mexicans call *frijoles*. Even when a *turista* calls them "fry-joles," a Southwesterner knows what he means. Any way you say it, just plain beans mean speckled brown and white pinto beans. While the lowly bean has been largely ignored by our affluent society, it is considered a necessity in the Southwest. Here beans take the place of the Irishman's potatoes, the Oriental's rice, the Italian's pasta. And every Westerner has his or her idea of how pinto beans should be cooked; arguments just short of shooting wars have been waged over their proper preparation.

Some California chefs are fond of cooking a pot of Big Reds, tossing in a fistful of commercial *chile* powder, and calling this concoction *chile* beans. The Mexican-Americans in Arizona and New Mexico almost never put *chile* in their beans, preferring to serve *chile* as a *salsa,* or as a fiery, hot sauce that can be dashed on the *frijoles* from a bottle, or as a simple side dish. *Chile con carne* is *chile* and meat—not to be added to the beans in cooking. What the diner does with the two when both are served on his plate is up to him.

Beans and bean cookery can be passionate subjects. All cooks agree, however, that when it comes to cooking beans, there are some cut-and-dried ground rules not even a teenage bride would dream of breaking. Altitude determines the length of time it takes beans to cook. At sea level, beans are done in three hours or less, while at altitudes over 5,000 feet, it might take as long as six hours.

Beans should be cooked slowly, as hard boiling makes them tough. An iron pot is not suitable for cooking beans, as it makes them dark and imparts a metallic taste. Dutch ovens may be wonderful for baking biscuits or frying cowboy steaks, but they, too, are unsuitable for cooking beans. Granite or stainless steel pots are fine, but even better is the electric crock pot, a highly glazed stoneware whose slow, even heat brings out the natural flavor of beans.

Never add cold water to boiling beans. When adding water, be sure it's boiling. Add salt only towards the end of cooking time. Bean cooking for a roundup crew never stops; while one batch is soaking, a second is cooking, and a third is being eaten by hungry cowboys. Seldom are any left from one meal to the next.

Pinto beans do not need a lot of mumbo jumbo to make them tasty, but most cooks agree that a generous amount of diced bacon or salt pork; a big juicy onion; and salt and pepper are necessary additions. Old timers call salt pork "sow-belly" or "sow-bosom" and think it improves the taste more than bacon. Luckily, clumsy cooks have not, as yet, found a way to botch the lowly bean as they have managed to ruin wheat flour and rice.

There are some people, however, who complain: "I like beans, but they don't like *me*." Fortunately, there are as many different remedies for taking the sting out of the volcanic bean as there are ways of cooking the brutes. Some swear that a diced raw carrot, added to the seasonings, will tame the beast, while others believe adding a half-cup of castor oil can successfully remove its claws. Adding a teaspoonful of soda to the water seems to be the most popular method.

If a person is interested in a dry food that is cheap, low in fat, high in protein, slow to spoil, and certain to improve in flavor with each reheating, he'll do well to stock up on sacks of pinto beans—"Mexican strawberries" as Southwesterners like to call them.

This is my favorite pinto bean recipe. It can be used for large barbecues and roundups or cut down to serve a family of four. Remember that 1 c. of dry beans makes 3 c. of cooked beans.

Stella's Beans

1 lb. pinto beans (soaked beforehand if necessary)
12 c. cold water (3 c. of cold water for each c. dry beans)
1 medium onion, diced
1 clove garlic, minced
1 stalk celery, diced
1 bay leaf
1 bouillon cube
1 t. Kitchen Bouquet (a meat and gravy seasoning which gives beans a little pizzazz)
salt and pepper to taste
(Serves 9)

If beans are more than two years old, they should be soaked overnight. Next morning, drain off water. Then add fresh hot water and all the ingredients except salt and Kitchen Bouquet. Your cooking pot must be able to hold 3 times the amount of beans and water. Cover pot with a close-fitting lid and simmer until done (3 to 6 hours, depending upon altitude). Add salt and Kitchen Bouquet near the end of cooking time.

Mock Pecan Pie

2 c. hot pinto beans
2 c. white sugar
1 c. brown sugar, packed
½ t. salt
4 eggs, beaten
½ c. margarine or butter
1 c. milk
1 c. chopped pecans (save enough halves to decorate the top of pie)
1 t. vanilla

Puree hot beans in blender and then cool to lukewarm. Add remaining ingredients and mix. Pour into 2 unbaked 9″ pie shells, and top with pecan halves. Bake at 350° for 1 hour. This makes a delicious, nutritious, and not overly rich pecan pie.

The author of Chuck Wagon Cookin' *and numerous articles on Western fare,* **Stella Hughes** *is an experienced cowgirl as well as an adventuresome cook.*

THE FREDERIC REMINGTON COLLECTION
LIMITED EDITION BELT BUCKLES, AVAILABLE AS NUMBERED SETS OF FOUR, MOUNTED IN A SOLID OAK DISPLAY CASE; UNMOUNTED SETS OF FOUR AND AS INDIVIDUAL PIECES.
SACRED BUFFALO INC.
413 ROMERO STREET NORTH WEST, in historic Old Town
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO 87104 (505) 842-0127

WEST COAST'S OLDEST & LARGEST BOOK AUCTION HOUSE

Specialists in the American West & California since 1956

THREE IMPORTANT SALES

AUG. 30TH (At Los Angeles)
American Indian Library
California & the American West
(Catalogs $4.50, Post-sale Prices $1.50)

SEPT. 26TH (At San Francisco)
Detective Fiction
One of the most comprehensive Private Collections in America
(Catalogs $10.00, Post-sale Prices $3.50)

OCT. 31ST (At Los Angeles)
Ex Libris Myles Standish Slocum
An outstanding private Library
Important California & West Material
(Catalogs $4.50, Post-sale Prices $1.50)

Complete Provision for Absentee Bidding
(Overseas Catalogs $1 Additional)

CALIFORNIA BOOK AUCTION GALLERIES
358 Golden Gate Ave.
San Francisco, CA 94102

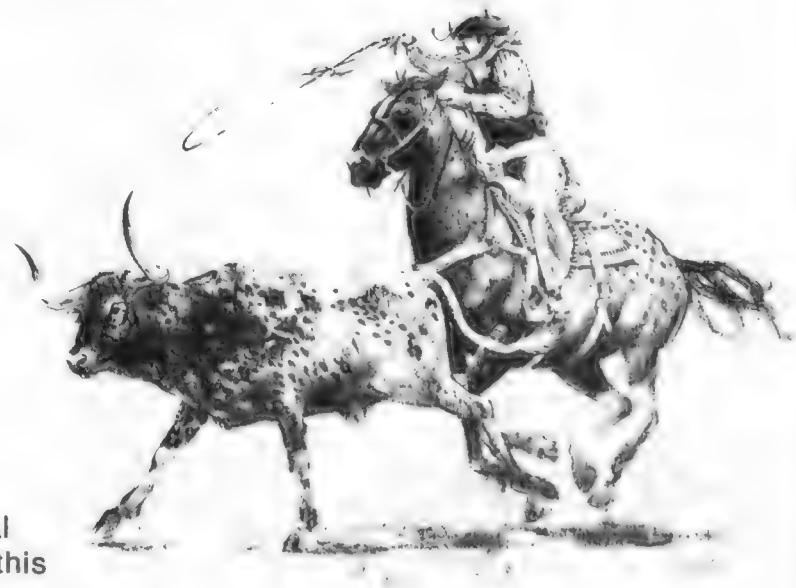
The American Royal Association and
The Kansas City Society of Western Art
Announce the

AMERICAN ROYAL WESTERN ART SHOW

. . . to be held on Thursday, November 5, 1981, at the Alameda Plaza Hotel, Kansas City, at 7:30 p.m.

ARTISTS AND COLLECTORS: For special invitation and further information about this exciting event, write to:

American Royal Association
1701 American Royal Court
Kansas City, Mo. 64102
(816) 221-9800



Courtesy of Danny Whitehead

ILLUSTRATION BY D. K. NIWA

Hudson's Bay Company bunkhouse:

Hotel de Haro

by JoAnn Roe

In the late eighteenth century, Spanish explorers sailed the west coast of North America eager to claim new lands for the Spanish crown. One Spanish adventurer is recalled by the name of a historic inn on San Juan Island's northern tip—Hotel de Haro, accessible to modern explorers by a two-hour ferry ride from the mainland coast of Puget Sound.

The history of Hotel de Haro goes back to the days when Hudson's Bay Company established a trading post at Roche Harbor on San Juan Island. Hudson's Bay prudently built its structures to withstand Indian attacks; hence, walls were made of logs one-foot thick. Sheepherders from Hawaii were brought in and housed in a sturdy bunkhouse adjacent to the post.

With the discovery and development of lime deposits in the area, Roche Harbor became a company town, the property of John S. McMillin. A fleet of ships owned by the Roche Harbor Lime Company carried lime from the deep water port to many parts of the world. In 1886 McMillin drastically remodeled the Hudson's Bay bunkhouse into a small hotel to house his frequent business and social visitors. Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft, as well as nationally prominent businessmen, were entertained lavishly at Hotel de Haro's salmon barbecues, seagoing picnics, and fashion shows.

The journey to the hotel is a beautiful one. At Anacortes, Washington, hotel guests can take the Washington State Ferry to Friday Harbor on San Juan Island. From there it is a scenic thirty-minute drive to the Roche Harbor Resort and Hotel de Haro. An alternate adventure involves traveling by light plane to Roche Harbor airstrip, a scheduled daily service from Bellingham or Seattle.

Crossing the threshold of Hotel de Haro, the modern traveler steps back a century in time. A portrait of Captain de Haro, created in needlepoint 100 years ago, dominates one of the polished, paneled walls. In another spot a picture of Theodore Roosevelt and a glass case displaying his signature on the room registry recall the hotel's early days.

The hotel's twenty guest bedrooms are reminiscent of half-forgotten visits to grandma's house at the turn of the century. Heavy mahogany or oak bedsteads and old-style dressers shine with a patina born of years of hand polishing. Dried flower arrangements brighten each room.

While not all the rooms have baths, there is a sink in every room. One concession to modern comfort is wall-to-wall carpeting over the uneven, broad boards of the original floors. On the second floor the hotel has left one portion of wall open so that guests can see the log construction done by Hudson's Bay Company.

The hotel also has four suites which include sitting room, bedroom, and bath. In the Presidential Suite, guests can draw a red velvet settee up to a roaring fire or relax in a claw-footed bathtub. Directly across from the suite is a veranda which extends on several stories across the front and one side of the hotel.

Between the hotel and the waterfront, Mrs. Luella McMillin laid out elegant gardens. Today waterborne visitors can still stroll the flowered path that leads from the shore through a pergola and gardens to the hotel. Nearby, the McMillins built a quaint, white-steepled family chapel, now used for a variety of religious services.

Another historic building is the McMillin home on the cliffs overlooking the harbor. When Reuben Tarte, Sr., acquired the Roche Harbor complex in 1956, he converted the home into a fine restaurant. Today diners can watch the busy wharf where more than one-hundred boats are moored. The National Register of Historic Places lists this restaurant as well as the hotel and thirteen other Roche Harbor buildings.

Each night of the summer season at Hotel de Haro, guests, yachtsmen, and visitors attend a particularly patriotic and moving flag ceremony. For six or seven minutes all activity ceases—no food service, no dock boys. Everyone stands at attention while a crew of boys and a crew of girls alternately march out to lower the flags that stream from staffs in front of the hotel.

One by one the Roche Harbor Resort flag, the Washington State flag, the British Columbia flag, and the Canadian flag come down as "Oh Canada" and "God Save the Queen" are played. Finally our own Old Glory is lowered for the night to the tune of the national anthem. The sun slips into the western seas, and nighttime activities resume as they have for a century or more at Hotel de Haro, Roche Harbor, San Juan Island.

A writer for many national and regional magazines, **JoAnn Roe** *is the author of the book* The North Cascadians.

LIVE WITH SOME WESTERN HISTORY

We have limited accommodations in an old ranch house near Sonoita, Arizona, for people who would like to explore and feel some history. The sites of both Fort Buchanan and Camp Crittenden lie on this ranch. Only a few adobe mounds remain plus this stone building. But it is beautiful country and the spirits are here and one can gain a sense of the life those garrisons must have experienced.

Write or phone for rates and details of accommodations:

Crown C Ranch
376 S. Stone Avenue, #15
Tucson, Arizona 85701
(602) 884-8252

Quality Vintage Photographs

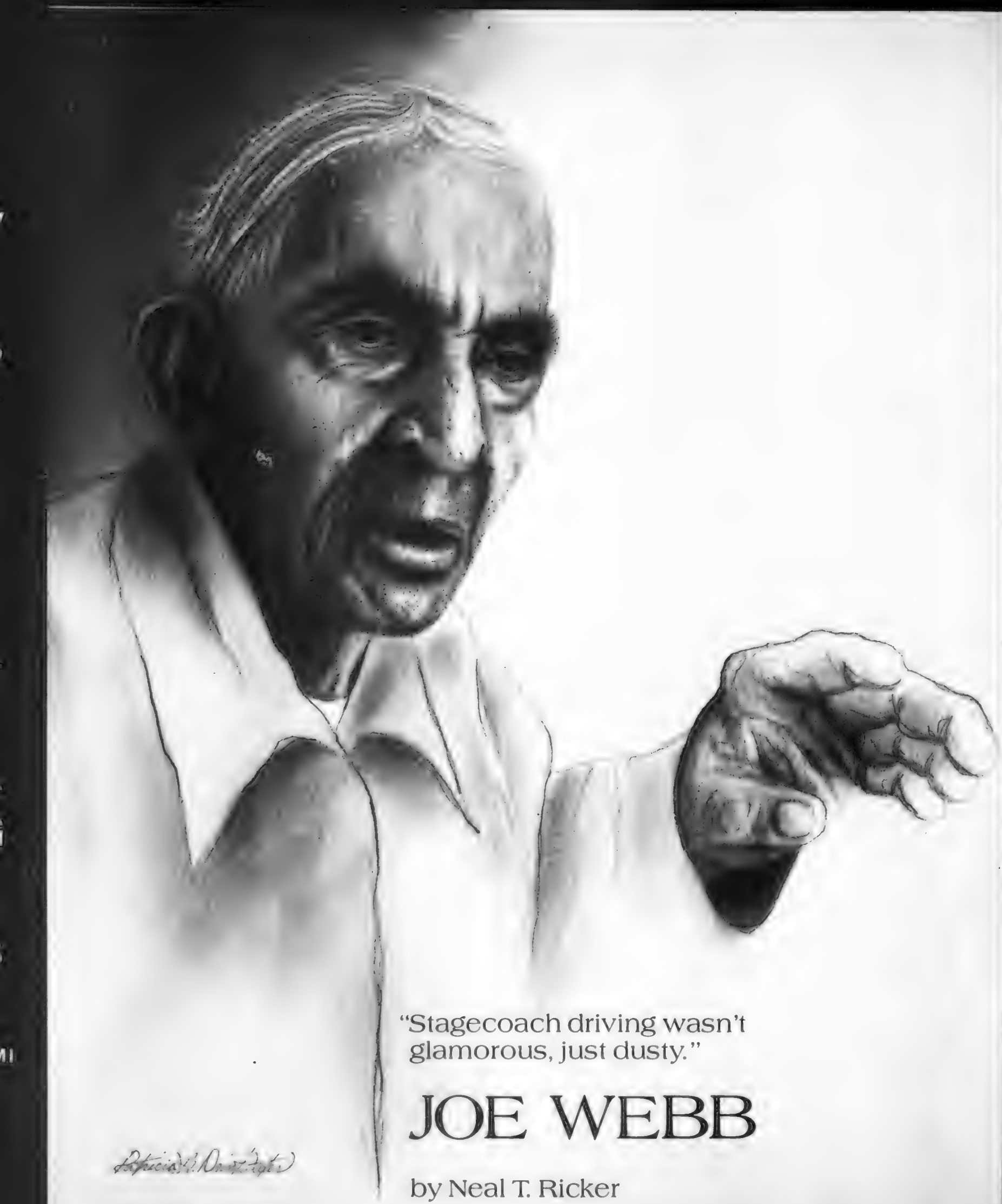
"Navajo Mother" *William Pennington*

BOB KAPOUN
Vintage Photographs
57 Old Santa Fe Trail
Santa Fe, NM 87501 (505) 982-8706

LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHING

WESTERN?

"WE ARE THE **WEST**"
FOR FREE DIRECTORY WRITE
DUDE RANCHERS' ASSOCIATION
BOX 43 – AW2
GRANBY, CO 80446 USA



"Stagecoach driving wasn't glamorous, just dusty."

JOE WEBB

by Neal T. Ricker

IT WAS JUST LIKE GOING OUT HERE and getting in your car and going downtown and back again—about as exciting as that.'' Thus did ninety-five-year-old Joe Webb recall his career as a stagecoach driver in California, during an interview shortly before his death in 1980. ''Stagecoach driving wasn't glamorous at all,'' he said, ''just dusty.''

Seventy years ago Webb's job took eleven hours a day, seven days a week. He refused to call it hard work, however. ''It was just tiresome, you know, riding all day.'' But he said he liked driving the seven-passenger, four-horse stage. ''Oh, yeah, it was fun,'' he said. ''You met people from every state of the Union going into the Yosemite Valley. And you had to be quick on the trigger because they'd ask you more questions, and you'd better be ready to give them an answer.''

Most of the tourists Webb drove toward Yosemite National Park came by train from San Francisco to Merced. There they boarded open coaches run by the Stoddard Stage Lines for a two-day ordeal to the Park. The stage roads climbed to elevations of 5,000 to 6,000 feet before dropping into spectacular Yosemite Valley. Periodically the coaches stopped at stage stations where passengers could stretch or enjoy a meal while the horses were rested or the teams changed.

Webb lived downtown in Coulterville, halfway between Merced and Yosemite, where stage travelers spent the night. ''The horses were up at the other end of town. I had to get up and walk up there, and water my horses, get the harnesses on them and everything, then hitch them up and drive downtown to the hotel.'' That was at 6:00 A.M. At about noon the stage would reach the large boarding house at Hazel Green for lunch. Webb usually turned his passengers over to another driver there; they continued on to Yosemite while Webb took the outgoing passengers back down to Coulterville.

''I think I got about $35, my supper and my breakfast,'' said Webb. ''It's a shame to mention it, it was too little.'' Was that $35 a week? ''No,'' he laughed, ''$35 a month. They didn't count weeks in those days.''

The job driving from Coulterville to Hazel Green came unexpectedly. ''They had a driver who was...lately getting to boozing sometimes.'' When that man could not carry on, Joe was hired as a replacement, having had experience as a substitute driver. With only a few hours' notice, he started the Coulterville–Hazel Green stretch in 1906.

At that time stage lines posted friendly advice for their passengers. Notices included such warnings as: ''When the driver asks you to get off and walk, do so without grumbling, he won't request it unless absolutely necessary. If the team runs away sit still and take your chances. If you jump, nine times out of ten you will get hurt. Don't swear or lop over neighbors when sleeping. Never shoot on the road as the noise might frighten the horses.''

But Webb said he never had any problems while driving the stage. He heard plenty of stories about stage robberies but never experienced one, although his coach would have been a logical target. It carried gold from the rich Mother Lode mines to the railroad in Merced, for transportation to the mint in San Francisco. ''They had what they called an express box,'' as Webb tells it, ''nearly all iron. They had a man riding on there as what was called a shotgun messenger.'' The guards didn't take any chances, according to Webb. ''When they got off...to eat lunch, they'd take the box right in there with them. The gun, too.''

Joe Webb had the distinction of driving the last stagecoach from Coulterville into Yosemite in 1909. The steep grades had kept a Merced to Yosemite railway only a rumor for years after the rest of the nation was connected by rail. But finally the tracks were successfully laid and the dusty, two-day stage trip was replaced by a more comfortable four-hour jaunt by train.

In the decades after the trains ended his stagecoach career, Webb tried other kinds of work. He cut wood, cooked, shod horses, worked in the hayfields, and herded cattle.

Despite the tens of thousands of miles Webb covered with his stage (or perhaps because of them), he did not like to travel. The furthest he ever went from home was to San Francisco for the World's Fair in 1915. That was less than 150 miles, and he went by train. ''It was a little better than riding in a wagon.'' In his later years Webb was chosen grand marshal for a Mariposa County historical celebration, but he sent his nephew instead, because he did not want to travel the thirty miles to Mariposa.

Webb stayed active a long time. Until a few years ago, he caught fish for his breakfast on the Merced River in back of his house and cut his own firewood. He enjoyed showing visitors a few mementos of his stage-driving days: a photograph of a stage and horses, and his old reins hanging in the barn. For decades after he stopped driving, Webb kept those reins oiled and smooth.

''A lot of people used to come and visit me; they heard I was a stage driver,'' Webb related. ''So they looked at that picture and they wanted to know who was the driver of that stage. And I said, 'Well, that was me,' and they said, 'Well how in the world could you handle four horses?' and I said, 'Just hitch 'em up and holler ''Git!'' and they'll go.'''

Neal T. Ricker *is a free-lance writer living in Merced, California.*

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICIA BOURLAND DRINKWATER

SOLOMON D. BUTCHER COLLECTION, NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Who says pictures never lie? Historical photographs yield secrets

by Joseph W. Snell

The Albino Turkey That Wasn't There

The amusing case of the albino turkey that wasn't there not only confused a Nebraska farmer in the last century but serves today as a warning to those inclined to accept historical photographs at face value without careful scrutiny. Some knowledgeable persons say that no photograph is completely honest. People do not always smile. Pioneers on the frontier were not forever wearing their Sunday best or keeping their livestock, implements, and prize furniture in the yards of their sod houses. Yet many valuable historic photographs would have us believe so.

Dark-room magic can distort photographic truth by several means. All of us have seen comic postcards of cowboys riding jack rabbits, giant ears of corn so large that only one would fit on a lumber wagon, piles of cabbages as high as a two-story barn, and trout longer than the fisherman who caught them. It was not uncommon for promoters of towns to add an automobile here or there on a street scene that otherwise contained only pedestrians and buggies. Daytime views could miraculously be turned into night scenes by retouching. Even directions have been changed and the moon made to rise in the north and set in the south. But—back to the albino turkey.

One of Nebraska's finest early photographers was Solomon D. Butcher who set out to capture the sod house frontier on photographic plates before that symbol of high plains pioneering was gone forever. For many years Butcher traveled around his state, toting his heavy camera and equipment with him. Anxious to make his subjects more realistic, Butcher never hesitated to enhance them with a little retouch-

Solomon Butcher, a nineteenth-century Nebraska photographer, displayed unusual boldness in this picture of farmer Hohman's sod house (left). *To hide an imperfection in his negative, Butcher drew in an albino turkey which Mrs. Hohman insisted was real.*

ing here and there, to add ducks winging over a lifeless Nebraska pond, to depict grasshoppers swarming around a farmer who was desperately attacking them with a tree limb, to place beards on clean-shaven faces, and to add gunsmoke issuing from pistols that had not been fired. Such enhancements could be made by scraping the emulsion from the glass support—causing a dark mark to appear on the print—or by brushing some opaque fluid on the negative—producing a white mark on the print. Usually Butcher altered his negatives to make the pictures more interesting, but at least once he did it to protect himself.

One day Butcher traveled some sixty miles to fill a request to photograph a farm family in front of its sod home. The exposed plate was not developed until Butcher returned home; during the processing a portion of the delicate emulsion separated from the glass and floated away. If a print should be made from the negative in that condition, the sod house would show a large black hole in the roof, a detail the farmer surely would not appreciate.

"Not wishing to make another trip of sixty miles to make a new negative," Butcher wrote later, he "painted in what might pass for a turkey if not examined too closely."

When the picture was delivered, farmer Theodore Hohman exclaimed, "What is that?"

"Looks like a turkey," replied Butcher, trembling in his boots.

"Couldn't be," said Hohman, "there weren't any turkeys around that day. Besides, there weren't any white ones thereabouts anyway."

"Yes, Theodore," spoke up Mrs. Hohman, "don't you remember me telling you to drive the turkeys away?"

"That settled it," the photographer remembered. "But to this day I expect Hohman wonders where that old white gobbler came from."

Such enhancements intended to preserve one's skin are usually harmless enough. Some, though, can seriously affect our impression of historic events, especially if we do not know the alteration has occurred. Take, for instance, the celebrated photograph of

The Dodge City Peace Commission

Of the many shipping centers for cattle driven up from Texas, none was so notorious as Dodge City, Kansas. Dodge was "the Queen of the Cowtowns," "the Beautiful, Bibulous Babylon of the Frontier." Just about any peace officer or gunfighter who was anybody trod her streets at one time or another. The names of Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Clay Allison, and Bill Tilghman were common. Even Doc Holliday practiced dentistry there.

In the spring of 1883 Dodge City was preparing for the annual summer cattle season. Mercantile shops, booteries, gunsmiths, saloon owners—every store in town was laying in new stock and sprucing up for the rush of business that was soon to arrive. By this time Dodge had matured and prospered to the point that it was profitable to control the town politically. Consequently, the mayor and some cohorts decided to oust certain saloon-men of the opposite faith.

Luke Short, well-known gambler and owner of half of the Long Branch saloon, was the outstanding candidate for removal. However, Luke fought back, recruiting several old friends from the gunfighting fraternity for assistance. Shortly after this call for help went out, Dodge City felt once again the footsteps of many shootists who had once made it the roughest town in the West.

For several weeks the feud between these factions ebbed and flowed. At one point even the governor and the Kansas adjutant general were involved, as they threatened to call out the militia. Finally, the dispute was settled; Short was allowed to remain, and though torrid feelings simmered, the situation appeared to return to normal. In celebration, Luke Short and some of his friends visited a local photographer and had a group portrait taken. The Dodge City Peace Commission, as these friends came to be known, was recorded for history.

Or was it?

The picture of the Peace Commission became well known, appearing in many books and being housed in several archives. At one time it was even the basis for an episode in the popular television series on Wyatt Earp. The photograph showed the likenesses of seven men including Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Short, Charles E. Bassett (an early Dodge City peace officer), W. H. Harris (who then owned the other half of the Long Branch saloon), Neal Brown (another early peace officer), and M. F. McLane (a gambler).

Prints of this famous photograph were not good; both right and left edges showed amateurish retouching which blocked out portions of what appeared to be a studio backdrop. The whereabouts of the negative was—and still is—not known; so, better prints could not be made from it.

In an attempt to obtain a more satisfactory print for a publication then in production I wrote to several photo archives in 1961 for assistance. From the Oklahoma Historical Society came an excellent print, but instead of seven gentlemen there were eight. The poorly done retouching was absent, but obviously some handiwork had been done on either the negative or the print. In ordinary cases such work is not overly suspicious, for many times prints are enhanced for publication. What was curious, however, was the inclusion of famed Western peace officer William M. Tilghman in the group. In all the documentary research I had done on the episode, there was never any indication that Tilghman was involved. In fact, he had not then won the excellent reputation he was later to acquire.

Some time after the Tilghman version of the picture was received, still another came to light. This one also contained the images of eight men, but the eighth person was

Darkroom magic changed Dodge City's Peace Commissioners.

not Tilghman; it was a man no one could then identify.

For some weeks the prints lay unused, creating a disquieting feeling in the back of my mind. Who was the eighth man in version three? Obviously this was the correct version, or as correct as we could determine, for there was no evidence of retouching or other tampering. Why should versions one and two have been redone? What was the motive?

As research on the project which originally required the use of the print progressed, I came upon an article in the Dodge City *Times*, issue of June 14, 1883. As of that date the conflict between Luke Short and the city administration had been resolved, but only because the friends of Short had come to his aid and convinced the town that he should be allowed to retain his business interests. The *Times* article read: "The photographs of the eight visiting statesmen were taken in a group by Mr. Conkling, photographer. The distinguished bond extractor and champion pie eater, W. F. Petillon, appears in the group."

There was the answer to part of the riddle. The eighth person was Petillon, editor of the Dodge City *Democrat*, a man involved on Short's side in the controversy and a person intensely disliked by the editor of the *Times*.

We can only speculate as to why Petillon was entirely removed from version one and replaced by Tilghman in version two. Was it the *Times* editor who had Petillon removed from this valuable relic of an exciting episode in our past? Did another person expand upon this deletion and give Bill Tilghman a prominent role that he never had in a frontier incident?

The answers may never be known, but at least we now know which group of persons composed the originals in the well-known photograph of the Dodge City Peace Commission.

This amateurishly retouched picture (top) *of the 1883 Dodge City Peace Commission was the one originally circulated and accepted by historians. In the back row, left to right, are: William H. Harris, Luke Short, W. B. "Bat" Masterson; front row: Charles E. Bassett, Wyatt Earp, M. F. McLane, and Neal Brown. The second version of the Peace Commission was also obviously retouched. Besides the seven men in the first picture, William M. Tilghman, who took little part in the troubles of 1883, is pictured. No one knows who inserted Tilghman in the photograph and added the incorrect captions. The third* (bottom) *and probably correct version of the Peace Commission photograph correctly includes W. F. Petillon, ardent supporter of Luke Short, as the eighth man.*

KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Left-Handed Gunman

Simply misunderstanding the photographic process has sometimes led to a misinterpretation of the subject. A good case in point is the celebrated full-length photograph of Billy the Kid, his rifle in one hand, his pistol conveniently near his left. Until 1936 this was the only known picture of the Kid, and most of what was known about his appearance was based on that image. He was, the pictured showed, a left-handed, rather unpleasant, hippy youth whose teeth were prominent enought to detract from his appearance.

Because of this photograph, numerous articles, books, and motion pictures depicted Billy the Kid, *alias* Henry McCarty, *alias* William Antrim, *alias* William Bonney, as left-handed. One technicolor motion picture I can recall seeing as a boy starred Robert Taylor as Billy and Brian Donlevy as Pat Garrett, the man who ultimately ended the Kid's career. During the length of the film, as I recall, Billy and Pat were friends albeit they were on opposite sides of the law. As the traditional showdown approached, as well as the end of the movie, it became Pat's painful duty to bring the Kid in, probably dead.

To make the showdown more dramatic, history was altered so that the movie Pat and Billy met in a fast-draw confrontation. Knowing he could outdraw Pat and being basically good at heart, Billy switched his holstered pistol from the familiar position on his left hip to the right. The change slowed down his draw. Pat was thus the quicker of the two, and Billy was soon dying a fitting death, a death which the motion picture made me realize Billy knew he deserved. So much for history that never happened.

The original of the Billy the Kid photograph was a tintype and, consequently, a mirror image of the subject. Noah H. Rose, a nearly destitute but avid collector of early West photographs, was one of the first to notice that the Billy the Kid photograph, as generally reproduced, was not what it should be. On May 13, 1935, he wrote to another collector, E. P. Lamborn of Leavenworth, Kansas:

"Not long ago Pink Simms wrote me some bunk about Billy the Kid being left-handed and said he had a picture of Billy holding the guns just opposite to the picture I have. The first ones I sold was backwards to the one I now sell. I told him the reason was the first one was copied just like the tin-type, and tin-types are always backwards, everybody knows that.... I made the picture for Ogden in reverse to the others and he said it was as it should be then, and showed me by the belt buckles, and watch chain, that they were exactly right. In the other pictures these are backwards. I changed the picture then in its right way, and everybody likes it. It proves that Billy the Kid was not left-handed."

WESTERN HISTORY COLLECTIONS UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA LIBRARY

For many years pictures of Billy the Kid were developed to look exactly like the original tintype which showed the Kid left-handed. Not until 1936 did the correct version (above) *appear, showing him right-handed, as verified by the placement of buttons and buttonholes and the knowledge that photographic lenses do, indeed, reverse images.*

The Dewey-Berry Fight

Sometimes photographers restaged interesting events so realistically that people in the 1980s are hard put to recognize the counterfeits. Solomon Butcher, our Nebraska photographer friend, restaged events quite often, his most successful attempt being the reenactment of a fence-cutting episode which was part of a struggle between small local ranchers and a large cattle company. The photograph, which has been and is still being published as an authentic relic of Nebraska's wild and woolly past, shows four masked men, two of whom are armed with rifles apparently protecting the other two who are busy at work cutting the barbed wire fence of the Brighton Ranch Company with, if one examines the print closely, *wooden pincers!*

SOLOMON D. BUTCHER COLLECTION, NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Solomon Butcher, the famous sod-house photographer, faked this picture of an actual incident in a fight between large and small Nebraska ranchers in 1885. The wooden pincers make its realism suspect.

A better reenactment of one of Kansas's most famous feuds, the Dewey-Berry fight, had most of us fooled for several years. Growing out of a dispute between farmers and cattlemen, the fight occurred on June 3, 1903, with Chauncey Dewey and two of his cowhands against the Daniel P. Berry family. Killed were Berry and his sons Alpheus and Burchard. Those wounded included Roy Berry and his son R. D.

The photograph in question clearly depicted the dead and wounded in the Berry farmyard. It was a great photograph, apparently taken by a local photographer within minutes of the fight. It was a historian's dream.

Then, a few years ago, a similar picture turned up, this one showing the same persons in the act of firing at one another. By 1903, the year of the fight, photography was capable of catching an act of violence with a fast film and good lens; so, the question of authenticity was raised by the doubt that a cameraman would subject himself to the dangers of a gunfight to catch the action. And, would either the Deweys or Berrys have had a photographer nearby to record an unplanned event for posterity?

Analysis of the probabilities indicates the photographs were both staged—for what reason or by whom is not known. But the fact remains that the second print of the series, that of the dead and wounded, could easily have been taken for real if the action print had not turned up.

The Big Trail

The most interesting case of a misleading photograph in which I have participated involved an obviously old and very fine picture which was brought to the archives where I worked during Kansas's centennial preparations.

Purportedly of Great Bend, Kansas, in 1872, the photograph showed a wagon train of emigrants leaving the Arkansas river steamboat on which they had arrived to seek new homes in the West. The steamboat was clearly shown in the distance, wooden store buildings lined the river, and several Indian tipis stood atop a low hill on the right. Oxen struggled to move their wagons, teamsters snapped bullwhips to give them incentive, and sunbonneted ladies rode demurely on the covered-wagon seats. It was an outstanding photograph.

Though the original is no longer available to me, I recall vividly that the yellowed paper print was mounted on worn cardboard, the corners of which were rounded from use. A fold marred the center of the print. It looked old.

Can we be sure that the photographs of all those people in all those archives are really who we think they are? It's questionable.

Though none of my contemporaries at the archive had previously seen the picture, we were told that it had been published several times. Perhaps my organization could use it in its centennial publication.

We checked. The photograph had indeed been published before. The caption in one book labeled it a "Santa Fe Trail caravan in Great Bend—On the banks of the Arkansas at Great Bend as it looked as the pioneers made their new trails into the unknown West. . . . "

That publication and other sources identified some of the people in the picture. One mounted man in the foreground was pointed out as James Gainsford who was city marshal of Great Bend in the early 1870s. His wife was a local photographer and presumably had taken the picture. Gainsford, by the way, had served under James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok when that worthy was marshal of Abilene, Kansas in 1871. Another person in the photograph was identified variously as Don or Lee Dodge, another early Great Bend resident. As historians usually do, we checked the facts and learned that Mrs. Gainsford was indeed the first commercial photographer in Great Bend and that her husband had served as a peace officer in that town.

The staff of my institution, and most historians to whom the photograph was shown, felt the picture was just too good to be true. First, in the 1870s photographs required lengthy exposures, and the moving objects in the picture were too clearly defined. Horses' hooves were poised in midair, heads of animals were not blurred, whips hung suspended in midstrike. And, to the best of anyone's knowledge, no steamboat had ever ascended the Arkansas River as far as Great Bend even in the highest water. The photograph was rejected by the staff, but our curiosity was piqued.

For three years, on and off, we pursued the identity of the picture. We wrote to photographic archives throughout the country, and while most experts agreed with us that the picture was probably a still from some motion picture, they could not identify the movie or offer any additional help.

Then I read a book by Bill Everson and George N. Fenin called *The Western* and was impressed by the authors' knowledge of their subject. I wrote to them and received an exciting reply on February 15, 1964, from Fenin who was then editor of *Film Culture* magazine: "Bill Everson and I fully agree that this is *definitely* a still photo from the film *The Big Trail* (1929–1930)... there is no possible doubt...."

With that clue we checked to determine the release date of the film so that a systematic search could be made through the movie columns of magazines and newspapers in the files of

COURTESY OF TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX. COPYRIGHT © 1932 TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX FILM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

This scene from a 1932 motion picture called The Big Trail, *starring John Wayne, was once seriously taken for a historic 1872 photograph showing emigrants leaving Great Bend, Kansas, on the westering Santa Fe Trail.*

my institution. In a short while the identical picture was found in the October 1930 issue of *The Union Pacific Magazine*. A similar picture, but from a different angle, was found in the rotogravure section of the Kansas City, Missouri, *Star*, October 12, 1930.

The movie was indeed *The Big Trail*, a Fox production directed by Raoul Walsh. Starred were John Wayne, Marguerite Churchill, El Brendel, Tully Marshall, and "a cast of 20,000." The scene represented in the Great Bend photo was supposed to be Westport, Missouri, and the river was not the Arkansas but the mighty Missouri. The action was actually shot on Easter Sunday, 1930, and the river in the background was neither the Missouri nor the Arkansas but the Colorado, fifteen miles from Yuma, Arizona.

How many other antiqued motion picture stills, altered images and misinterpreted views are today accepted as valid historical resources is difficult to say. We know, for instance, that Abraham Lincoln never had his photograph taken with his wife, yet through clever manipulation such a photograph exists.

Is the picture of Dora Hand (the accidentally murdered Dodge City nightingale) that we have accepted for over fifty years really she? Some say not. Are the photographs of all those people in all those archives really who we think they are? Are we still basing some historical interpretation on yet another re-creation, a movie still?

The possibilities are mind boggling, yet we recognize that photographs, if interpreted judiciously, can be valuable tools in studying the past.

Joseph W. Snell *is executive director of the Kansas State Historical Society and, with Nyle H. Miller, author of* Why the West Was Wild.

COURTESY SILVERADO MUSEUM, SAINT HELENA, CALIFORNIA

Robert Louis Stevenson's Idyllic Adventure

Silverado Honeymoon

by Robert Leonard Reid

At age twenty-nine Robert Louis Stevenson (opposite) entered into a happy marriage which changed the course of his career. Abandoning the role of a ne'er-do-well wanderer in 1880, the Scottish author found inspiration and contentment with his bride on a California mountainside. In later years he would pen such masterpieces as Treasure Island *and* The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

SEVENTY MILES NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO, where the long slender bottle of the Napa Valley narrows at its upper end in deference to converging foothills of the Coast Range, stands Mount Saint Helena—the monarch of the range, the cork in the Napa Valley bottle. With a summit rising more than 4,000 feet above sea level, Mount Saint Helena has long been a landmark for Napa County tourists out to sample the sensual delights of California wine country or the mineral springs and steam baths nearby. For Robert Louis Stevenson, the Scottish author of *Treasure Island* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* as well as numerous other works, the mountain represented more than a landmark. To him it was a personal symbol of rejuvenation.

In the summer of 1880, Stevenson and his bride, Fanny Van de Grift Osbourne, honeymooned for nearly two months on the slopes of Mount Saint Helena, in a tumbledown miner's shack by the abandoned Silverado silver mine. Superficially, the unorthodox honeymoon spot had been chosen because it offered free accommodations in healthful surroundings. On a more profound level, the choice had been anything but pragmatic. Stevenson was drawn irresistibly to this deeply scarred mountain, for there he found embodied the salient feature of his own life at that moment: rebirth. With the crystal clarity of sun-cast drops of dew, man and mountain reflected each other throughout that renaissance holiday of more than a century ago. This reflection can be seen in Stevenson's *Silverado Squatters,* a wilderness adventure written during this period. Though Stevenson would never see the mountain again, its imprint would flavor his thoughts and words for the remainder of his life: "In all my travels from Scotland to Italy and Switzerland and across the Atlantic and the Pacific and to Samoa, no country was lovelier, no country richer, than were those Silverado hills above the Napa Valley."

That the twenty-nine-year-old writer should be honeymooning in the Napa Valley in the summer of 1880 was a curiosity which, in literary terms, received only mixed reviews: Stevenson was delighted; his friends in England were exasperated; and his parents in Scotland were beside themselves. "For God's sake use your influence," wrote Stevenson's father to Sidney Colvin, Stevenson's friend and mentor. "Is it fair that we should be half murdered by his conduct?"

The source of Stevenson's delight—and everyone else's aggravation—was Fanny Osbourne, a San Francisco woman whom Stevenson had met in France in 1876. It was bad enough that Fanny could be described by a not unfriendly acquaintance as "small and plump, with a dumpy figure, and wearing her hair short in a day when women didn't." It was worse that she was not only an American but clearly one of the untamed Western variety, a dead shot with a revolver, who rolled—and smoked—her own cigarettes.

Still, parents and friends, even strict Victorian ones, could learn to live with such infirmities. What could not be abided was the fact that Fanny Osbourne was a married mother of three children, nearly eleven years older than Stevenson, and that she had apparently compelled this talented and promising young writer to take complete leave of his senses. "Doubtless," wrote Stevenson's mother grimly, "she is not the daughter-in-law that I have always pictured to myself."

For a time, there had been hope that the love-struck Stevenson would be saved from the clutches of his Calamity Jane. In August 1878 the couple's two-year love affair in France ended when Fanny's husband in San Francisco, Sam Osbourne, cut off his wife's allowance and recalled her to California. Sam's loose hold on Fanny's reins had not been entirely selfless. While allowing his wife to pursue her

In Fanny, Robert Louis Stevenson found the inspiration to overcome his immaturity and to take the first committed action of his life.

COURTESY SILVERADO MUSEUM SAINT HELENA CALIFORNIA

Joseph Strong, husband of Fanny's daughter Isobel, sketched the interior of the abandoned miners' cabin which the Stevensons occupied when they were the Silverado Squatters.

amorous education in France, Sam was free to do the same in San Francisco.

With Fanny's return to America, friends thought Stevenson was out of danger. They were wrong. A month later, Stevenson and a burro named Modestine took a walking tour of the Cévennes region of France. The book which Stevenson wrote about that adventure, *Travels with a Donkey,* clearly revealed that Modestine, pleasant as she might have been, was not really what Stevenson was looking for. One passage even presaged the adventure-to-come on the slopes of Mount Saint Helena:

> And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude, I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives most complete and free.

THOUGH NEARLY THIRTY YEARS OF AGE, Stevenson was still struggling for his independence. Unable to support himself with income from his writing despite his growing reputation, and unwilling to make use of the law degree he had dutifully and unenthusiastically obtained, he still depended upon his parents for financial assistance. Headstrong and impetuous, Stevenson traveled the Continent restlessly, velvet coat wrapped tightly about his bony frame, unkempt hair falling clear to his shoulders. He acquired a reputation as a splendid addition to any urbane social gathering, a reputation based in equal parts on his brilliant conversation, his childish impertinence, and his gradually expanding repertoire of eccentric habits.

Though the frail writer suffered from a medical bookshelfful of ailments—the most serious being tuberculosis—the affliction which threatened him most was nonmedical in character: the danger of becoming a chronic ne'er-do-well who would never fulfill his potential. None of Stevenson's friends recognized that in Fanny Osbourne, the talented writer had found a savior from his fate. Fanny could, and would, become Stevenson's stabilizer, his supporter, and his comforter; she would nurse him through his illnesses; and most important, she would release him from his childhood, forcing him to risk all and take the first truly committed action of his life.

In August 1879, one year after Fanny's departure from Europe, Stevenson wrote to his friend Sidney Colvin: "No man is of any use until he has dared everything; I feel just now as if I had, and so might become a man." Resolved at last to stand on his own, Stevenson had taken off on a 6,000-mile journey from London to California, in pursuit of the forty-year-old married mother of three with whom, despite all reason, he was hopelessly in love. He had forsaken his parents' financial support and his friends' belief in his sanity, and now, writing to Colvin from a train enroute from New York to San Francisco, he was daring everything.

Nine desperately difficult months followed while Stevenson waited for Fanny to obtain her divorce from Sam Osbourne. The journey from London had broken Stevenson physically. His total income for the year was a paltry £109; so, in January of 1880, he was forced to reduce his budget to forty-five cents a day. Two months later, malnourished, malarial, his tubercular condition tormented by the chill fog of San Francisco, Stevenson collapsed. For weeks he lay near death.

Stevenson's love was Fanny Osbourne, a married lady from San Francisco, whom the infatuated RLS pursued in Europe and then followed to California. After her divorce, Fanny became Stevenson's wife—his "dear companion" whom he "would not change to get a goddess or a saint."

COURTESY SILVERADO MUSEUM, SAINT HELENA, CALIFORNIA

At great risk to her American reputation—her European one by this time being nearly unsalvageable—Fanny nursed Robert back to health in her Oakland home. And then, suddenly, as vitality returned to Stevenson, the cloud of uncertainty which had obscured his future with Fanny lifted. She obtained her divorce. Stevenson's parents sent gracious messages to her. Moreover, they expressed their willingness to accept her as their daughter-in-law. Finally, they offered the couple a permanent, and much needed, gift of £250 annually.

On May 19, 1880, in the parlor of the Reverend William Scott at 521 Post Street in San Francisco, Fanny Osbourne and Robert Louis Stevenson were married.

At this suddenly hopeful moment, a mountain in Napa County became a

With the mouth of the old mine as an ice chest, the Silverado Squatters dined alfresco on wild duck, venison, pigeons, and frothy rum punch.

COURTESY SILVERADO MUSEUM, SAINT HELENA, CALIFORNIA

Fanny Stevenson's twelve-year-old son, Lloyd Osbourne, was part of the tranquil abode at the abandoned mine on Mount Saint Helena. In Stevenson's imaginative account of their stay, Lloyd became "the Crown Prince" to Robert and Fanny's "King and Queen of Silverado."

symbol of new life for Stevenson. Just before his marriage, he had written to Colvin:

> I am now out of danger; in but a short while... Fanny and I marry and go up to the hills to look for a place; 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come mine aid.'... There, sir, in, I hope, a ranche, among the pine-trees and hard by a running brook, we are to fish, hunt, sketch, study Spanish, French, Latin, Euclid, and History;... Far from man, sir, in the virgin forest. Thence, as my strength returns, you may expect works of genius.

FANNY AND ROBERT ARRIVED in the ghost town of Silverado, California, on the southeast slope of Mount Saint Helena, on June 9, 1880. They had journeyed northward from San Francisco intent first on honeymooning at the Hot Springs Hotel in Calistoga. But the weekly rate of ten dollars per person had proven unmanageable, and so the newlyweds had decided to seek out more primitive, and less expensive, living arrangements.

One morning Morris Friedberg, a local Calistoga storekeeper, accompanied the couple to the remains of the Calistoga Gold and Silver Mine in Silverado. Here, high on the side of Mount Saint Helena, the Stevensons determined to stay. Silverado would offer clear advantages over the Hot Springs Hotel: it provided free squatters' accommodations; it lay far above the Napa Valley fog which aggravated Robert's tuberculosis; and it presented a setting where his dream of two years before—to live out-of-doors with the woman he loved—could be fulfilled.

> A rough smack of resin was in the air, and a crystal mountain purity. It came pouring over these green slopes by the oceanful. The woods sang aloud, and gave largely of their healthful breath. Gladness seemed to inhabit these upper zones, and we had left indifference behind us in the valley.... There are days in a life when thus to climb out of the lowlands seems like scaling heaven.

Together with Fanny's son, Lloyd, and the dog, Chuchu, the Stevensons set themselves up in the rickety shanty which had served as the Silverado assayer's office. The quarters were primitive, the overgrown surroundings perilously thatched with poison oak and rattlesnakes. Robert set to work on his writing immediately, intent as he was on establishing his credentials as a provider for his new family. Still, he could not hide his relief that here, at least, rent payment was not due at the beginning of each week. "There is something singularly enticing," he wrote, "in the idea of going rent-free into a ready-made house."

Robert's health improved, and quiet, peaceful days became routine. Fanny occupied herself with attending to her husband and working to make their crude accommodations livable. Some days the couple walked to the home of their friends, Virgil and Dora Williams, in a canyon to the west of the mountain. And once a day, when the stage arrived at the Toll House Hotel, Robert meandered down the path to call for his mail.

There were visitors to the couple's retreat—friends from the Hot Springs Hotel, and Fanny's daughter, Isobel, and her husband from San Francisco. In her book *This Life I've Loved,* Isobel provides a portrait of delightful days spent in the Saint Helena wilderness:

MOUNT SAINT HELENA BY THOMAS HILL, 1872, IN SILVERADO MUSEUM, SAINT HELENA, CALIFORNIA. PHOTO BY JACK W. COBURN

> We had our meals out-of-doors and, as there never was a better cook than Fanny Stevenson, they were good ones. She used the mouth of the old Silverado mine for an ice chest and storeroom; here hung sides of venison, pigeons, wild ducks and other game.... About eleven o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon we were all served with a rum punch, frothy with cream and delicately topped with a sprinkle of cinnamon.... In the evenings we sat round the campfire talking, but soon the chill that always came at night, even after the hottest day, drove us to our beds. *(Copyright 1937 by Isobel Field. Reprinted by permission of Curtis Brown, Ltd.)*

Mount Saint Helena, in California's Napa County, became a symbol of rejuvenation for Stevenson. Its green slopes carried him high into pure air where "gladness seemed to inhabit these upper zones" and climbing the heights seemed like "scaling heaven." Embracing the beauty of the countryside and exulting in the new happiness which Fanny brought him, Stevenson found real purpose in his life.

As Fanny and Robert fashioned a home for themselves from their rough surroundings, a new life took shape from the stuff of two precarious pasts.

NEW LIFE ALSO SEEMED to be transforming the mountain as the land recovered from a decade of vigorous mining in the 1870s. Once a boom town of several thousand miners, Silverado had few residents when the Stevensons arrived in 1880. Mount Saint Helena, a momentary celebrity, had been stripped of her precious gold and silver coat and left to the outfit she had always worn more comfortably anyway, bay and chaparral and knobcone pine. *Continued on page 68*

ALBERT BIERSTADT

OIL ON CANVAS 14 X 19½ CIRCA 1860

OTHER IMPORTANT AMERICAN WORKS AVAILABLE, INCLUDING:
FREDERIC REMINGTON —JOSEPH HENRY SHARP —
ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN — E.I. COUSE — E. MARTIN HENNINGS —
WALTER UFER — C.M. RUSSELL — HENRY FARNY — EDWARD BOREIN

QUAIL HOLLOW GALLERIES

10964 N. MAY — OKLAHOMA CITY — OKLAHOMA 73120
405-755-3334

"Loved Ones" oil: 20" x 24"

"Stage Coach Treasure Box"
oil: 20" x 24"

H. L. HARNETT

Born a British subject, Harnett emigrated to the United States in 1956. Her paintings reflect her childhood fascination with the West.

EXCLUSIVELY REPRESENTED BY

AMERICAN ARTIST AGENTS DISTRIBUTORS

WESTERN AAA FOUNDERS

BY APPOINTMENT ONLY 213/271-8301
P.O. Box 868
Beverly Hills, California 90213

Frederic Remington: Maker of lasting Western images

by Peter H. Hassrick

REMARKABLE AS IT MAY SEEM, much of the Western image in the public mind today was created in an artist's studio in New Rochelle, New York. The vision of Frederic Remington, reflected in hundreds of illustrations, paintings, bronzes, and stories, recognized and preserved the Western experience as a symbol of a unique aspect in American history. Remington's portrayal of the frontier saga, enduring for almost a century now, helped the public mind reach conclusions as to what the West was and why it mattered.

Since Remington did not live in the West, his perspective was distant, but it was infused with intense firsthand experience during travel and study. His expressive genius flowed from precise observation, a fertile imagination, facile technical skill, and the generative ambience of the place where he worked—his renowned studio.

COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

For most of their married life, Frederic and Eva Remington lived in New Rochelle. It was a small, attractive community which suited their needs especially well. Close to New York city, it afforded quick access to the publishing houses and galleries which advanced the career of the illustrator and painter. Also, the Remingtons enjoyed the artist colony in New Rochelle, having for neighbors such writers, actors, and artists as Francis Wilson, Julia Hawthorne, Edward Kemble, and Augustus Thomas.

When Eva and Frederic moved to their New Rochelle home in 1890, a substantial Gothic Revival house stood on the property at 301 Webster Avenue. A sweeping lawn rolled south toward Long Island Sound, providing a view on three sides of the beautiful Westchester countryside. The place was ideal, and Remington called it Endion, an Algonquin word meaning "the place where I live."

During the early years at Endion, Remington did most of his work in a large attic space under the gable, where he stored materials collected on his many Western jaunts. Later he used the library on the main floor as a studio. However, neither room was satisfactory, and in the spring of 1896, Remington retained architect O. W. Degen to plan a studio addition to the house. The artist proudly described his plans in a letter to Owen Wister that summer:

"Have concluded to build a butlers pantry and a studio (Czar size) on my house—we will be torn [up] for a month and then will ask you to come over—throw your eye on the march of improvement and say this is a great thing for American art. The fireplace is going to be like this.—Old Norman farm house—Big—big...."

When the new studio was completed, it measured twenty by forty feet, and twenty feet to the rooftree. It was indeed grand.

The New Rochelle studio enveloped the artist in a creative atmosphere. There, Remington was surrounded by his remarkable collection of Western props and paraphernalia, most of which he had enthusiastically purchased in the field. These artifacts were especially important to the artist when he was producing illustrations, as he could clothe his models in genuine pieces, lending authenticity to his work. Augustus Thomas has described the unusual variety of Remington's studio collection: "All four walls of the studio were covered, above doors and windows and in their dead spaces, with military and Indian and Mexican trappings of all descriptions from spurs to war-bonnets; there were guns of every kind ever carried by an American soldier; all kinds of swords and bridles, saddles, belts, canteens, and cartridge-boxes, powder-horns, bayonets, and knives; there were war clubs, tomahawks,

(Above) *Frederic Remington stands confidently before the fireplace in his studio at New Rochelle, New York, shortly before his death in 1909 at age forty-eight.*

IN A PRIVATE COLLECTION ON LOAN TO THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WYOMING. COURTESY, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

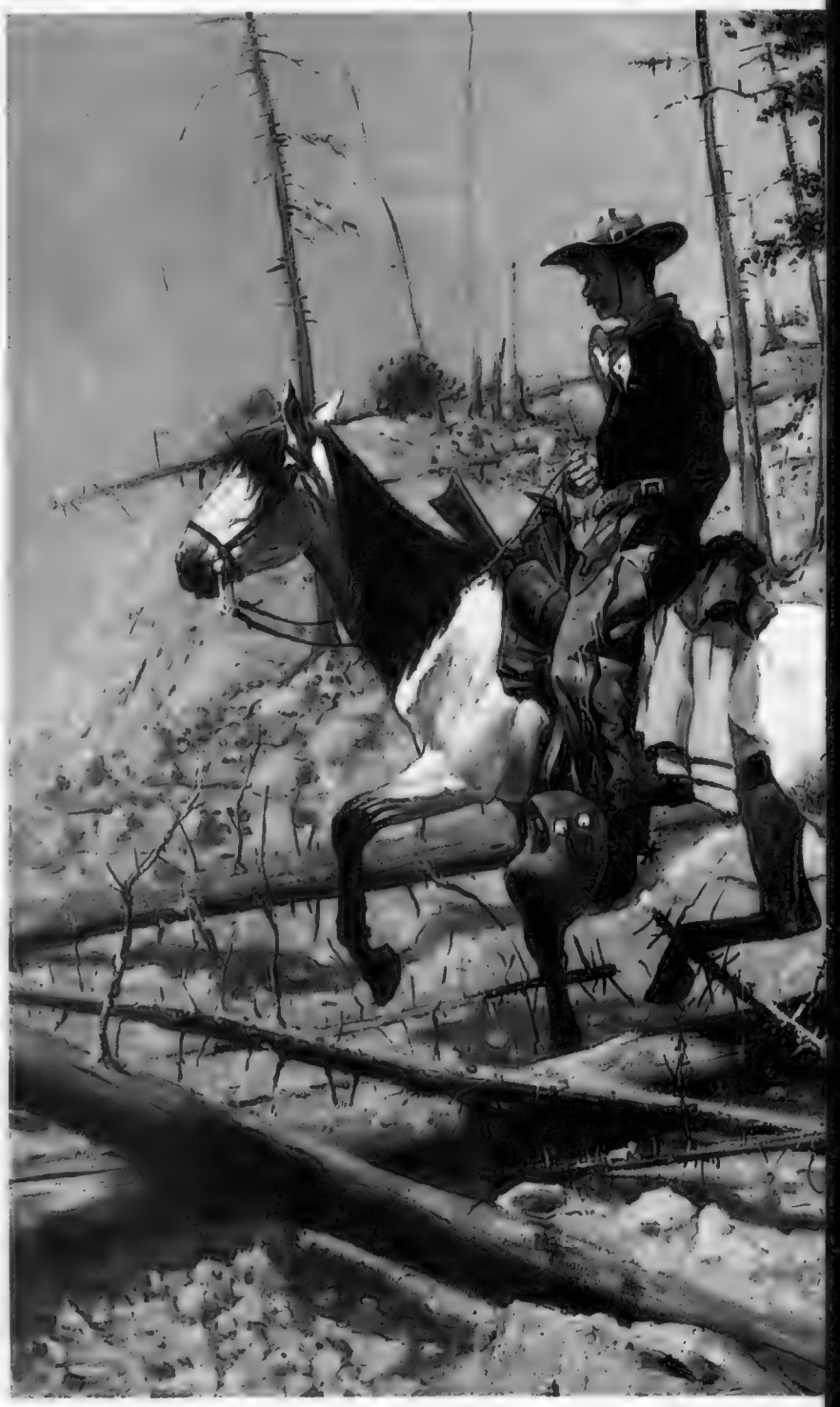
***The War Bridle**, oil on canvas by Frederic Remington, 1907, 27" x 30". Full of impressionist vitality and Western bravado, this painting combines all that is best in Remington's late works. Under a full canopy of Western light, two cowboys test their wits against a wary bronco. "It all makes an exhilarating spectacle," wrote Royal Cortissoz of this and other Remingtons shown at Knoedler's in New York in 1909, "and these pictures are filled besides with keen, dry air and dazzling light. The joy of living gets into Mr. Remington's work."*

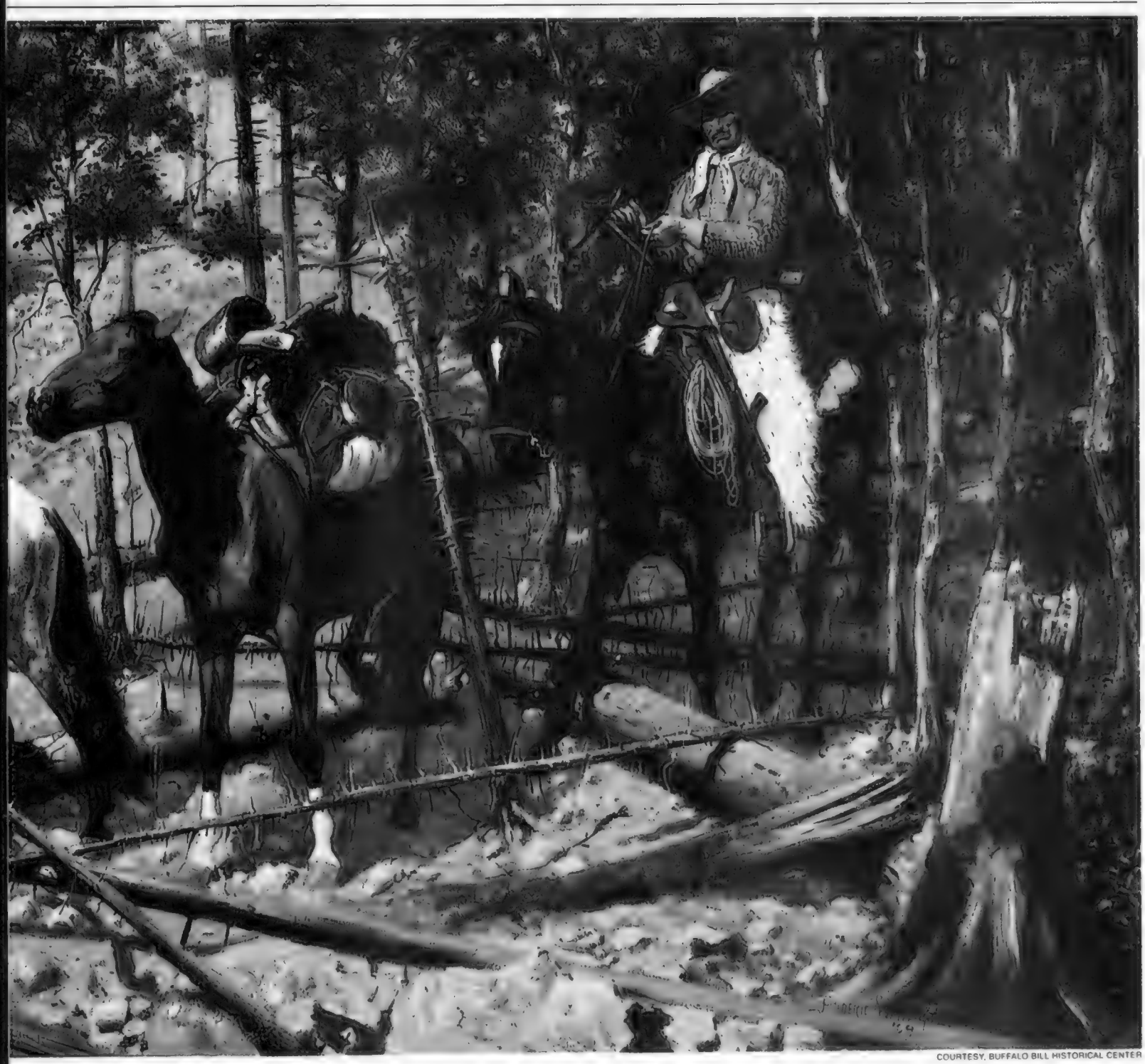
Remington's portrayal of the frontier saga helped the public mind reach conclusions as to what the West was and why it mattered.

COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

Untitled—adobe pueblo with baking oven and shed (Above), *oil on board by Frederic Remington, n.d., 12¼" x 18½". Generally speaking, Remington sought his Indian imagery among the Northern Plains tribes. In 1900 he wrote that the Pueblos "don't appeal to me—too decorative—and too easily in reach of every tenderfoot." When he painted Taos, he revealed that the decorative elements were not entirely foreign to his possibilities. The flood of light on the broad planar surfaces of the Pueblo molds the shadowed areas into bold abstract patterns which satisfied the artist's eye, and altered his assessment that the Southwestern Indian was less than exciting to observe.*

Prospecting for Cattle Range (Right), *oil on canvas by Frederic Remington, 1889, 29¼" x 50¼". The cowboy was Remington's stock in trade. A devout servant of the plains, the cowboy embodied the Western spirit. His yellow slicker, broad-rimmed hat, leather and angora chaps, Winchester rifle, and fringed jacket were the tools of his profession. Remington's studio at Endion was ladened with such trappings, gathered by the artist to portray the likeness of this national folk hero.*

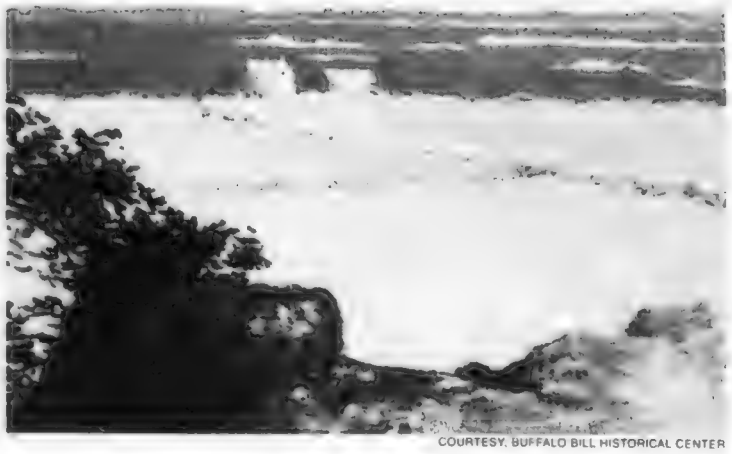




COURTESY, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

Against the red walls of Remington's studio hung every manner of Western paraphernalia. Accuracy in their use was his religion.

IN A PRIVATE COLLECTION ON LOAN TO THE BUFFALOBILL HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WYOMING. COURTESY, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER



COURTESY, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

Fight for the Stolen Herd (Above), *oil on canvas by Frederic Remington, n.d., 50" x 30". With the broad, sage-gray hills of the Wyoming landscape as their backdrop, these contestants carry out a time-honored confrontation as scripted from the imaginary annals of the Old West. Serving as the nexus between fiction and history, these Indians and cowboys do battle with a vigor that is emblematic of their mutually resolute free spirit. Sensing the impact of such imagery on the public mind, Remington glorified the theme in paint. No other artist could have accomplished the statement so successfully or so convincingly.*

Saint Lawrence River (Left), *oil on board by Frederic Remington, c. 1907, 20½" x 14½". After 1900 Remington made his summer home on an island in the Saint Lawrence. There, from June through September, he painted and wrote, enjoyed canoeing on the river, and rejuvenated himself in the land of his birth, upstate New York. His island retreat was known as Ingleneuk.*

COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

Pictured at left is the replica of Remington's New Rochelle studio which was dedicated on June 19–20 in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. Financed by a grant from Laurance S. Rockefeller, the re-created studio is furnished with effects from the artist's original studio at Endion. Most of the artifacts are a gift from the W. R. Coe Foundation. Needing authentic models for his art, Remington gathered a myriad of articles during his Western visits. The large studio served, also, as a comfortable spot for entertaining friends.

bows, arrows, spears, tom-toms, pipes, scalps, and the wands of medicine-men; moccasins, blankets, beaded deerskins, and the skulls of buffalo, mountain goats, and American carnivora; sombreros, quirts, horsehair lassos, chaps, serapes, ollas, mats, pots and baskets; in short not prints or catalogues, but, for all that he might need for any Western picture, the veritable thing itself. He knew the troop and tribe and time and latitude of each. Accuracy in their use was his religion.''

The studio objects hung against richly painted red walls. ''In most galleries your paintings go against hot backgrounds,'' Remington wrote to fellow artist Carl Rungius, ''and one should try to get the same environment.'' As a result of those red walls, Remington began to use warmer hues in his pictures. Perhaps his paintings were, as a consequence, more salable. Certainly the studio became more enticing. While it was primarily a place for art in which Remington worked from eight until three every day, it was also inviting enough to provide a comfortable social setting during evening hours. Mrs. Jack Summerhayes recalled many occasions when the two families would share the studio hearth: ''And so we sat, many evenings into the night. Frederic and Jack stretched in their big leather chairs puffing away at their pipes, Eva with her needlework, and myself a rapt listener: wondering at this man of genius, who could work with his creative brush all day long and talk with . . . eloquence . . . half the night.''

Although Remington spent many creative summers at his retreat on Cedar Island in the Saint Lawrence River, he produced the major body of his life's work in the studio at Endion. But by 1906 he and Eva felt that New Rochelle was crowding them, and they purchased fifty acres of land in Ridgefield, Connecticut. Unfortunately, Remington lived in his Ridgefield home less than a year before his death in December of 1909, at age forty-eight. The obituary in the *New York Times* spoke mostly of Endion and its role in Remington's life:

''He went up to New Rochelle and bought a fine old house

Remington's expressive genius recognized and preserved the Western experience as symbol of a unique aspect in our history.

COURTESY, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

Detail of ***In the Lodges of the Blackfeet****, pen and ink by Frederic Remington, c. 1888. The artist collected the artifacts in the drawing on a trip to southwestern Canada and used them often in succeeding years.*

---

on Webster Avenue. He built up a huge studio. . . . In there he had those specimens of bronchos he depicted in bronze and color, and grouped about them his human models, all dressed in Indian and Western costumes, of which he kept a large stock on hand."

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

References for this article include the following. Martha Summerhayes, *Vanished Arizona; Recollections of My Army Life*, ed. Milo Milton Quaife (1939) and *Vanished Arizona: Recollections of the Army Life of a New England Woman* (1911). Robert Taft, *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West* (1953). Ben Merchant Vorpahl, *My Dear Wister* (1972). Augustus Thomas, "Recollections of Frederic Remington," *The Century Magazine* (July, 1913). Helen Card, unpublished manuscript on Frederic Remington in the Amon Carter Museum Library, Fort Worth. *New York Times* (December 27, 1909).

Peter H. Hassrick *is Director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming.*

COURTESY, PETER PALMQUIST COLLECTION

Parades, parties, picnics: A real Western Fourth of July

As pioneering Americans moved West, they remembered and honored the traditions of the past. Every prairie town and farming community enthusiastically celebrated Independence Day. Out came flags and women's best bonnets. Elaborate floats and marching bands helped express the unabashed patriotism of the time. In this photographic essay, the camera records the many moods and moments of a Western Fourth of July.

In this amusing photograph from 1911 we see four little girls from Ferndale, California, bonneted and ready to roll. A wicker cart hitched to a pony provides the perfect mode of transportation for the ladies and one toy bear.

COURTESY, THE KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TOPEKA

These young men of Logan Grove, Kansas, cannot disguise their eagerness for watermelon at a Fourth of July picnic in the 1890s. Wistfully watching this handsome fraternity is a shy little girl in white.

COURTESY, PETER PALMQUIST COLLECTION

COURTESY, PETER PALMQUIST COLLECTION

A flag adds the finishing touch to this baby's holiday finery (right). All we see are chubby hands and an unforgettable face, so concealing are the long layers of lace. Brunet ringlets heighten Miss California's charm in the 1899 photograph (left).

COURTESY, WESTERN HISTORY COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA LIBRARY

Under their teacher's approving gaze, a row of young patriots models Fourth of July frills and handmade tricornered hats. The lessons of good citizenship were taught at an early age and inspired elaborate classroom celebrations.

COURTESY, PETER PALMQUIST COLLECTION

Whether driving, riding, walking, or just watching, residents of Fortuna, California, thoroughly enjoyed the Fourth of July parade. Streets bustled with activity as gaily decorated vehicles fell into procession, and bystanders searched for the perfect viewing spot.

He made the first controlled winged flight

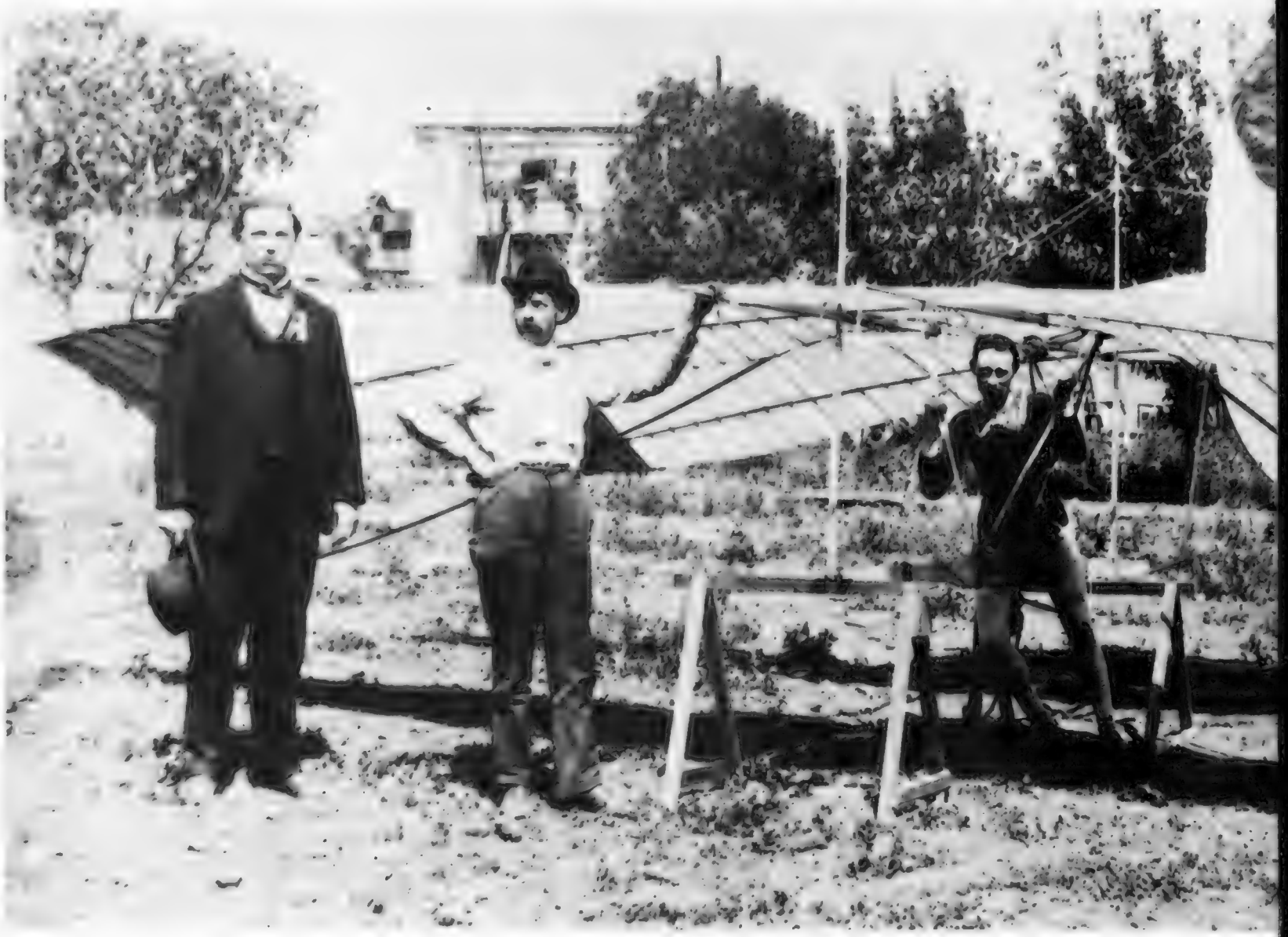
Western Aviator John Montgomery

by Weston George

(Opposite) *Twenty-three-year-old John Montgomery posed for this portrait while a student at Saint Ignatius College in San Francisco, two years before making the first controlled winged flight in 1883.*

(Below) *April 29, 1905, saw the first public demonstration of winged flight above 1,000 feet. John Montgomery* (right) *stands proudly beside* The Santa Clara *while Dan Maloney in his circus tights assumes the pilot's position. At far left are guest-of-honor Justice W. G. Lorigan and balloon-owner Frank Hamilton.*

JOHN MONTGOMERY ROUSTED HIS BROTHER JAMES at three o'clock on the morning of August 28, 1883. Quietly they left the ranch house near San Diego, California, and following the swinging light of their lantern, crunched across the sandy yard and entered the barn. As they approached the far corner, where John had his workshop, a strange, pale structure loomed in the darkness. It was leaning against the wall, taller than a man could reach and more than twice that wide. Assembled from ash wood, spruce, and oiled muslin, this was John's "machine" or "apparatus"—a pair of man-sized wings, twenty-two feet long and four feet wide, connected to



a broad semicircular tail. This morning, with these wings, John would attempt his first flight, and before the day was over he would earn a dramatic first in the history of aviation.

The young men lifted the forty-pound craft onto a wagon, concealed it beneath a scattering of hay, and then hitched the team of mules. In the driver's seat John clucked to the animals, and the wagon creaked off into the darkness. The destination was nearby Wheeler Hill on Otay Mesa, which rose above the coastal plain a few miles southeast of San Diego.

The sky was turning pink over the San Ysidro mountains when the brothers lifted the glider from the wagon and carried it to the hilltop. John had been there often, watching the soaring gulls and hawks; he knew there would be a wait for the steady breeze that each day swept six miles up canyon from the sea.

While they waited, John attached a forty-foot tow-rope to the frame and checked the glider's single control, a lever connected by cords to the craft's tail. By moving the lever Montgomery hoped to control the rise and fall of the craft. How he would steady the glider's other movements had not been determined.

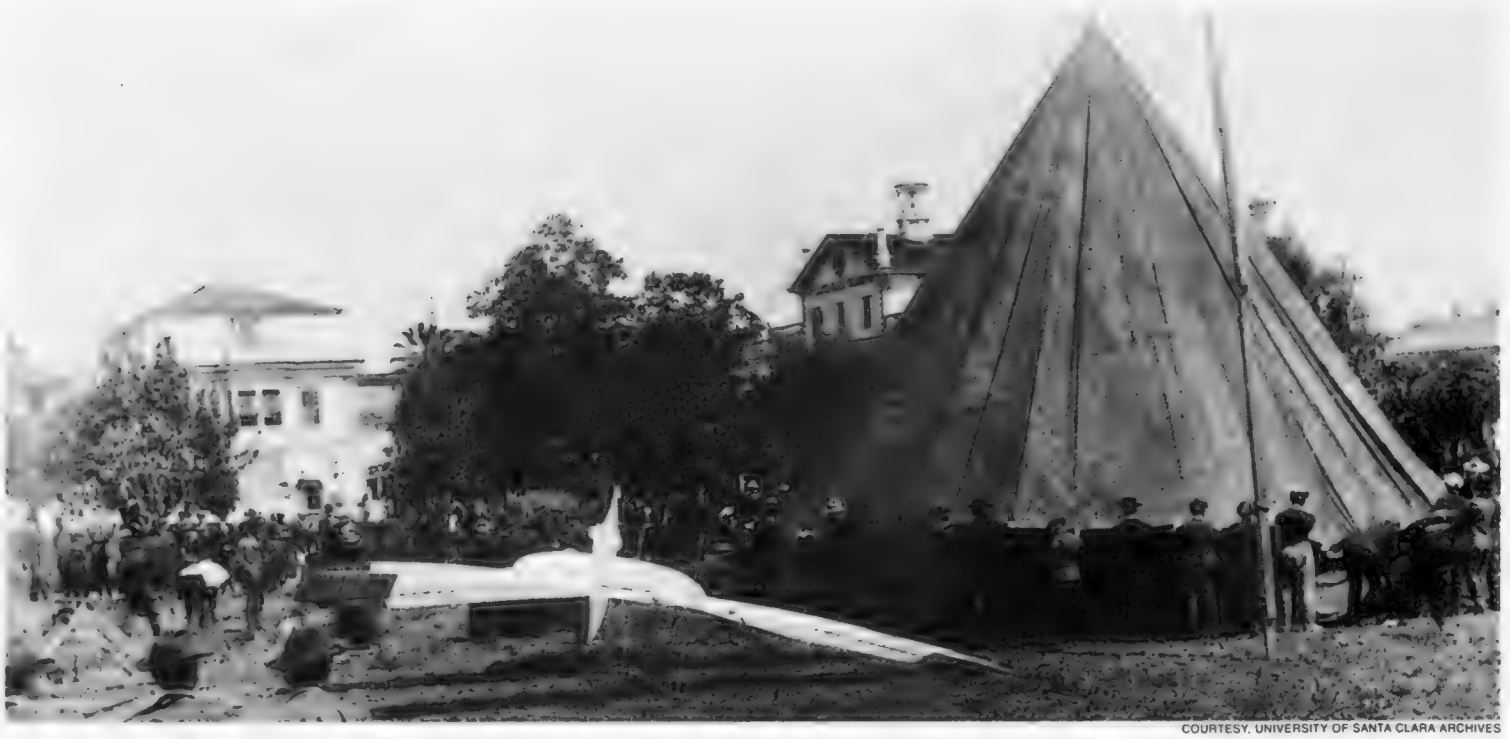
At about ten o'clock the ocean breeze reached the crest of Wheeler Hill and rocked the untried wings. John moved quickly to secure them. He stood quietly a few moments testing the wind. It was steady. He handed the tow-rope to James, ducked beneath the wings, crouched over the frame, and grasped the control lever. He hesitated only briefly to sense the balance point, then stood erect, and signaled to his brother.

"I pulled on the rope and then began running down hill as fast as I could," James later told an interviewer. "Suddenly the rope went slack and I nearly fell on my face. I looked back over my shoulder and there was John in the soaring machine right above me. He was so high that the rope was barely touching the ground as it went along. He soared over me like the biggest bird you ever saw and kept on going.

"I was so excited that for a few seconds I just stood there. Then I began running after him, shouting as I ran. Through clumps of brush and around patches of cactus I went, my eyes on John and the machine. John was flying! The nearer he got to the ground the more he kicked his feet and swayed his body to keep balance. Toward the very end of his flight

COURTESY, UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA ARCHIVES

COURTESY, UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA ARCHIVES



COURTESY, UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA ARCHIVES

(Above) *Restrained by a team of volunteers, the partially inflated balloon rises beside* The Santa Clara *in preparation for the public demonstration on April 29, 1905. Now marked with a monument, the site was at the northeast corner of Lafayette and Santa Clara streets on the Santa Clara College campus.*

(Opposite) *During the ill-fated demonstration on May 21, 1905,* The Santa Clara *was prematurely released from the balloon at only 150 feet above the ground. This photograph was taken just after that unplanned separation.*

he veered to the right to miss a clump of brush, and when he landed he came down so lightly that he hardly bent his knees.''

The brothers talked excitedly as they carried the glider back up the hill and then paced off the distance of that first flight. It turned out to be about 600 feet.

John made several other successful flights that day, but none longer than the first. The series ended abruptly when James held the rope too long during a launch; the craft tilted and wheeled into the ground, breaking a wing. Fortunately John was unhurt, but man's first day of controlled aviation was over.

The brothers carried the damaged craft down the hill and loaded it into the wagon. They then relaxed, savoring the day's success and discussing future plans as they awaited the darkness that would conceal the trip home. The secrecy of the experiment was a natural response to the prevailing attitude toward a grown man who proposed to build wings and fly like a bird. Although soaring winged flight had always been a dream, those who attempted it were considered eccentric cranks at best. Actually, this was quite an accurate observation, as most early birdmen were long on dream and short on common sense, let alone scientific method.

During the nineteenth century several attempts at manned winged flight were made, but not until this August day did one succeed. A monument now marks the spot with this inscription: ''John J. Montgomery made man's first controlled winged flights from this hilltop in August 1883.''

JOHN JOSEPH MONTGOMERY WAS BORN FEBRUARY 15, 1858, in Yuba City, California. His earliest memory was of asking to be taken to the top of the mountains so he could catch a cloud and fly. All who knew him as a boy were aware of his fascination with flight.

COURTESY, UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA ARCHIVES

As a boy, John Montgomery chased barnyard fowl so he could study them in flight.

No bird was safe from John's curiosity. The young boy spent hours studying the flight of wild birds and chased the barnyard chickens and geese into the air time after time to have a closer look at wings in action. He also built and flew kites and made dozens of models of every type of flying machine. John's father, Zackariah Montgomery, a lawyer and publisher, encouraged this interest, and when Frederich Marriott brought his steam-propelled dirigible, *The Avitor*, to Oakland in 1869, Zack took his son to see it. After witnessing this fire-breathing aeronautical marvel, the excited eleven-year-old could hardly wait to get back home to build a replica.

John's later education included studies at Saint Ignatius College in San Francisco, where he graduated in 1880 with a Master of Science degree. Soon afterward the family moved to an eight-acre ranch in the Otay Valley near San Diego, where John assumed most of the management and heavy work. Despite little free time, he managed to build a crude laboratory in the corner of the barn and conduct experiments in physics, astronomy, and the flight of birds—aviation.

John marveled at the graceful hovering and soaring flight of the sea birds. Opportunities to measure and weigh a variety of specimens convinced him that wings large enough to support a man could be constructed. Turning the lab into a workshop, John soon completed the construction of his first man-sized wings which he described as, "modeled after the gull's wing, following it blindly, going against my reason in the matter but following nature."

We have seen the successful results of this approach—man's first controlled winged flight—but Montgomery was not satisfied; he wanted to know why the wings flew and how to make them fly better. So there on a remote western ranch in his barn-corner laboratory, John Montgomery began the scientific investigation of flight. This was twenty years before the Wright brothers' historic flight at Kitty Hawk.

During the decade after his first flight, Montgomery continued his flying experiments while he managed the family ranch. Some of his new designs flew, but none so well as the first. However, John was not interested in setting records but in discovering the scientific principles of winged flight. With ingenious paraphernalia which he himself built, Montgomery observed the secret of winged flight—the partial vacuum formed above a parabolically curved wing as it slices the air, the phenomenon that gives a wing its ability to lift.

In the summer of 1893 Montgomery took a much deserved vacation and traveled to Chicago to attend the Columbia Exposition. He carried with him a recently completed manuscript in which he described his aviation experiments and stated his conclusions. He hoped he might meet someone at the Exposition who would be interested in his work.

Not only did John find someone, he found *the* person, Octave Chanute, a wealthy, retired civil engineer who was fascinated with aeronautics and was the country's (perhaps the world's) leading proponent of the new science. Chanute took an immediate liking to the young scientist from the West coast and introduced him to a number of influential people. At Chanute's urging, John was invited to read his paper on soaring flight at the International Conference on Aerial Navigation. He was received favorably.

The following year Chanute's book, *Progress in Flying Machines*, was published, containing a short account of Montgomery's early gliders, flights, and experiments. Chanute mentioned Montgomery as one of three contemporaries reporting the most reliable data regarding flight experiments.

In 1896 Montgomery secured a teaching position at Santa Clara College near San Jose, California, where he had considerable time for research. For the remaining years of the century he built and tested numerous configurations of unmanned gliders, with the purpose of perfecting their control and stability.

When Montgomery reached this goal of reliable stability in all attitudes, he began constructing a full-sized, man-carrying machine in a design considerably different from his earlier gliders. It had twin tandem wings, that is they were in the same plane, one following the other. The wings consisted of numerous ribs of bent spruce, connected by long strips of hickory with a covering of oiled muslin. The span of each wing was twenty feet with a front to back dimension of three feet. Uniting the wings were two, long, ash-wood members called longerons; suspended below these about thirty inches was a single ash longeron with a padded section serving as a pilot's seat. The tail assembly consisted of two semicircular

"Winged Man Sweeps Skyward"
MOST DARING FEAT
EVER ACCOMPLISHED BY MAN
ONLY CHANCE TO WITNESS THIS MARVELOUS SCIENTIFIC WONDER
THE MONTGOMERY AEROPLANE
TAKING LESSONS FROM THE BIRDS

COURTESY, UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA ARCHIVES

John Montgomery's brother Richard designed this circus-like banner to advertise the second public demonstration of balloon-launched flight. Admission was charged in an attempt to cover expenses, but the event was a financial and technical failure. Both The Santa Clara *and a backup plane,* The California, *suffered mishaps during flight attempts.*

planes intersecting at right angles; their straight sides were about six feet long, and the entire assembly was hinged to the main structure. The craft weighed only thirty-two pounds.

In 1899 Octave Chanute received a letter from a Dayton bicycle-shop owner who had become fascinated with aviation. He had read Chanute's book and wrote to ask the expert where the best place in the country was to test gliders. Chanute suggested the coastal hills near San Diego. Although this advice was ignored, the shop owner and his brother did begin experimenting with kites and gliders. On December 17, 1903, six months before John Montgomery got around to flying his new machine, Wilbur and Orville Wright made four short flights with their new flying machine from a sand dune near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Chanute (having lost his protegé Montgomery through a misunderstanding) had taken the young Ohioans under his wing, giving them advice and encouragement and visiting them at their flight-testing camp. He was justifiably proud of their historic, first, powered flight.

Because the Wrights were as secretive as Montgomery, reports of their flights were brief and garbled. No doubt John read of them, but the news probably had little effect on his own flying experiments. At that time the Wrights' effort seemed only another feeble attempt to learn to fly. Montgomery had decided long before not to apply power to his machines until he had perfected their stability, airworthiness, and control. He was a scientist on a new frontier; he planned to proceed cautiously with more concern for new knowledge than dramatic breakthroughs.

In June of 1904 John was at last ready to make the maiden flight in his new tandem wing. He left the Santa Clara College campus and traveled to the Peter Cox ranch near Mission San Juan Bautista. This is how he described the first flight: "I went to a windy section of the mountains where I suspended a cable between two high poles on a hillside facing the wind. I was raised in the machine to this cable and tried various balancing elements, then dropped with it to the earth and glided down the mountain side, meeting most erratic gusts of wind."

John met these "erratic gusts of wind" with an ingenious automatic control system. Wires interconnected the opposing halves of the wings in such a way that actions of the wind or other forces on one side were counteracted by an automatic warping of the opposite side. These same control wires were connected to stirrups with which the pilot could override the automatic system and warp the wings "for the sake of guidance" as Montgomery put it. An overhead lever raised or lowered the tail assembly exactly as it had done on John's first craft, twenty years earlier.

After improvements to a second and third version, Montgomery was well satisfied with his craft and on April 26, 1905, applied for a patent on his design. The patent was for an "Aeroplane", and it was clear from the application that Montgomery used the word to mean the entire machine.

This was the first official use of the word in this way; previously it had referred only to the wings. From April 1905 on, John's invention was no longer a glider or a flying machine—it was an *aeroplane*. With this stable, well-controlled aeroplane, Montgomery was ready to proceed with his careful, methodical, scientific investigations. That is, he was until his friend John Leonard introduced him to Fred W. Swanton.

Swanton owned a resort on the beach at Santa Cruz, just over the coast range from Santa Clara. When he heard about Montgomery's aeroplane, Swanton decided on a spectacular publicity stunt to attract customers to his resort. His plan was to attach the aeroplane beneath a balloon (piloted by Frank Hamilton), with circus performer Daniel Maloney ("Professor Lascelles") at the aeroplane's controls, lift it to a reasonable height, cut it loose, and allow it to glide back to earth. Montgomery agreed to demonstrate his aeroplane for Swanton, unaware at first of the details of the plan. On March 16, 1905, at Santa Cruz beach, Montgomery apprehensively gave Maloney some brief operating instructions, warned him not to try anything unusual, and stepped back.

The balloon rose rapidly to 1,000 feet, not an unusual height for Professor Lascelles' balloonist act which usually required him to parachute to earth, but a record altitude for an aeroplane—about 1,000 feet higher than any had ever been before. Maloney cut loose from the balloon at last and flew gracefully back to earth as if he had been piloting aeroplanes for all his twenty-four years. He was ecstatic. Again on March 17 and 20, Maloney made two more flights from even higher altitudes. He enthusiastically described his experience to a reporter from the *Santa Cruz Surf* (March 20, 1905):

"I tell you I never felt anything like it before in my life. You simply soar through the air as if you were on the back of a bird....you have to do a good deal of the guiding by twisting and balancing the body.

"The third trial was far the most successful. I went up as before, with a balloon, and got 3,000 feet above ground before I flew around in different directions, circling, darting back and forth, up and down, as easily as an eagle could have done it. I was up in the air eighteen minutes and never had the least difficulty in guiding. I don't believe that there is a single improvement that can be made in the machine. It is perfect. The problem of aerial navigation is solved."

"I flew about, circling and darting up and down as easily as an eagle could have done."

Montgomery was so impressed with his aeroplane's performance and the ease with which the new pilot had mastered its control, that he forgot about his plans for methodical, secret, scientific testing. Suddenly he was making plans for a public demonstration of balloon-launched flight from the Santa Clara campus. His lifelong conservatism seemed to have vanished overnight. Twenty-five newspapers were invited to send reporters to the demonstration which was scheduled for Saturday, April 29, 1905.

WITH A CARNIVAL SPIRIT PERVADING the Santa Clara campus, launch day arrived under perfect weather conditions. Near the northeast corner of Lafayette and Santa Clara streets, the balloon and aeroplane waited side by side about fifteen feet apart. Townspeople, reporters, and invited dignitaries jostled each other for a better view. In his black, vested suit and derby, John posed for photographers by

COURTESY, UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA ARCHIVES

In 1889 John Montgomery sported a beard which lent the young inventor the mien of a serious scientist. He is shown here at the left with his brothers Richard (standing, center) and James (right). Both Richard and James were enthusiastic supporters of John's aviation experiments. The man in the chair is not identified.

The aeroplane settled on its filmy, silken wings while the balloon swept away on the wind.

his aeroplane; beside him were Dan Maloney, outfitted in red and white circus tights; Frank Hamilton, owner of the balloon; and guest of honor, Associate Justice W. G. Lorigan.

Even the aeroplane had been transformed by the excitement. Overnight the sparrow-beige bird had sprouted cardinal feathers. The fresh red paint on the wing tips and tail gleamed in the morning sun; stenciled along the leading wing was the plane's name, *The Santa Clara*.

At about 11:00 AM the photographers finished shooting the preliminaries, and the action began. A huge fire pit had been stoked all night to provide hot air for the great balloon that now gradually rose over the thirty student volunteers holding its tether lines. Maloney took his position astride the aeroplane's lower longeron, while Montgomery directed the crew on the winch reeling in the rope which ran to the top of the inflated balloon. This rope was used to ease the balloon over the aeroplane to which it was attached by another rope. John called to the students to loosen their grips on the restraining lines, and as the winch creaked, the balloon slowly drifted up and over the aeroplane. Suddenly, without warning, a gust of wind caught the balloon, yanking the restraints from the surprised volunteers and snapping the winch line. The crowd gasped.

The Santa Clara and Maloney were jerked violently skyward. Fortunately, the frail framework and the balloon-connecting line remained intact. However, an unwanted bit of cargo was aboard. The aeroplane's tie-down rope and heavy iron peg dangled from the lower longeron. After regaining his composure, Maloney managed to untie this wayward anchor and to drop it over an open field. But his aim was a little off, and the first missile ever dropped from an aeroplane plummeted through the roof of a small house, "badly frightening a woman who was in the building at the time."

As he rose higher, Maloney checked the plane for damage and found that one of the balloon-restraining ropes had whipped at the wing and broken a rib near the tip. Confident that this would not affect the craft's flight, he ignored it and enjoyed the view of Santa Clara Valley and San Francisco Bay from an ever-increasing altitude.

As Dan neared 4,000 feet he used a hunting knife to saw at the line stretching from the balloon to the aeroplane. When the last strands parted, *The Santa Clara* and Maloney were on their own nearly a mile above the awe-struck crowd. Thomas Nunan, a reporter for the *San Francisco Examiner*, described what happened after Maloney separated from the balloon:

"The aeroplane instantly settled on its filmy, silken wings while the huge balloon went tumbling and rolling away on the wind.... Slowly and steadily the machine circled to one direction and then the other, repeating these maneuvers several times. Then it headed straight before the wind and took a sudden dive....'He's steering downward,' said inventor Montgomery, in response to my exclamation at the sudden tumble. Then on the moment, the wings turned gracefully back to the horizontal position. The aeroplane glided down in a circle, and after heading back into the wind it mounted perceptibly. Twice the feat of sailing upward on the air was accomplished.

"Gradually we groping mortals who watched from the ground began to realize that the aeronaut was truly flying on wings.... He had complete command of the machine. He accomplished just what a bird accomplishes in flight without flapping its wings. He sailed on the air and rose and fell, and tacked one way or the other as the hawks and buzzards do."

Maloney concluded the fifteen-minute flight with a graceful descent over the heads of the crowd to the precise landing spot that he and Montgomery had selected, a field about half a mile from the launch site. Many of the spectators crowded around the new hero and Montgomery's incredible invention. Setting the tradition for the laconic test pilots to come, when Maloney was asked how it was up there, he replied, "A little cold."

Montgomery's long quiet quest was a success. His uncharacteristic gamble on a flamboyant exhibition had apparently paid off. No other winged craft had ever flown so high, so far, or responded so perfectly to its pilot's control. Newspapers around the world carried lengthy reports of the event. A line from the *London Daily Telegraph* typified the consensus, characterizing Montgomery's aeroplane as "going a long way to solve the problem of centuries."

CONGRATULATIONS POURED IN from friends and strangers, but none meant more to John than a brief note from Octave Chanute that broke the decade of silence. Montgomery responded with a lengthy letter describing the events leading up to the March and April flights as well as the demonstrations themselves. Chanute queried him about specifics, and he responded with detailed descriptions, drawings, and photographs. Chanute forwarded all this information to the Wrights. Wilbur wrote to Chanute in May, "Your interesting letters...have been received, also the various clippings." Chanute replied immediately sending more clippings, photographs, and a booklet written by Montgomery entitled *The Aeroplane*, which contained a summary of his research and an explanation of how his aeroplane worked.

The Wright brothers' flight testing had stopped in 1904, when they were finally able to keep *The Flyer* up for five minutes while making several banking turns around Huffman's pasture, their secret test site near Dayton. They had not flown in 1905 prior to their correspondence with

Continued on page 66

Edward S. Curtis

"Oasis in the Badlands"

Three quarters of a century after Edward Curtis began his monumental project to immortalize the life of the American Indian, Classic Gravure completes it with the publication of a four volume limited edition, photographic masterpiece.

From "The Plains," Portfolio II of *The North American Indian* limited to 228 hand-crafted editions of photogravures printed from the original copper plates.

$5.00 for detailed Prospectus

Classic Gravure Corporation

204 Delgado Street Santa Fe, N.M. 87501 (505) 983-4343

Frederic Remington (1861–1909)

At An Apache Indian Agency 27x40 oil on canvas

Send $10 for our new catalog.

Mongerson

620 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
(312) 943-2354

WHERE WE ARE

by Gary Snyder

photographs by Wynn Bullock

I CAME HERE BY A PATH, A LINE, OF PEOPLE that somehow worked their way from the Atlantic seaboard westward over a hundred and fifty years. One grandfather ended up in the Territory of Washington, and homesteaded in Kitsap County. My mother's side was railroad people down in Texas, and before that they'd worked the silver mines in Leadville, Colorado. My grandfather, being a homesteader, and my father a native of the state of Washington, put our family relatively early in the Northwest. Yet we weren't early enough. An elderly Salish Indian gentleman came by our farm once every few months in a model T truck, selling smoked salmon. "Who is he?" "He's an Indian" my parents said—

Looking at all the different trees and plants that made up my second-growth Douglas fir forest plus cow-pasture childhood universe, I realized that my parents were short on a certain kind of knowledge. They could say "That's a Doug Fir, that's a cedar, that's bracken fern...." But I perceived a subtlety and complexity in those woods that went far beyond a few names.

As a child I spoke with the old Salishan man a few times over the years he made these stops—then, suddenly, he never came back. I sensed what he represented, what he knew, and what it meant to me: he knew better than anyone else I had ever met, *where I was*. I had no notion of a white American or European heritage providing an identity; I defined myself by relation to the place. Soon I also understood that "English language" is an identity—and later, via the hearsay of books, received the full cultural and historical view—but never forgot, or left, that first ground: the "where" of our "who are we?"

There are many people on the planet, now, who are not "inhabitants." Far from their home villages; removed from ancestral territories; moved into town from the farm; went to pan gold in California—work on the Pipeline—work for Bechtel in Iran. Actual inhabitants—peasants, paisanos, paysan, peoples of the land, have been sniffed at, laughed at, and overtaxed for centuries by the urban-based ruling elites. The intellectuals haven't the least notion of what kind of sophisticated, attentive, creative intelligence it takes to "grow food." Virtually all the plants in the gardens and the trees in the orchards, the sheep, cows, and goats in the pastures were domesticated in the Neolithic; before "civilization." The differing regions of the world have long had—each—their own precise subsistence pattern developed over millennia by people who had settled in there and learned what particular kinds of plants the ground would "say" at that spot.

Humankind also clearly wanders. Four million years ago those smaller protohumans were moving in and out of the edges of forest and grassland in Africa; fairly warm; open enough to run in. At some point moving on, catching fire, sewing clothes, swinging around the Arctic, setting out on amazing sea voyages. A skull found in Santa Barbara has been dated at 50,000 years. So it may be that during the middle and late Pleistocene, large fauna hunting era, a fairly nomadic grassland-and-tundra hunting life was established, with lots of mobility across northern Eurasia in particular. With the decline of the ice age—and here's where we are, most of the big game hunters went out of business. There was possibly a population drop in Eurasia and the Americas, as the old techniques no longer worked.

Countless local ecosystem habitation styles emerged. People developed specific ways to *be* in each of those niches: plant knowledge, boats, dogs, traps, nets, fishing—the smaller animals, and smaller tools. From steep jungle slopes of southwest China to coral atolls to barren arctic deserts—*a spirit of what it was to be there* evolved, that spoke of a direct sense of relation to the "land"—which really means, the totality of the local bio-region system, from cirrus clouds to leaf-mold.

So, inhabitory peoples sometimes say "this piece of land is sacred"—or "all the land is sacred." This is an attitude that draws on awareness of the mystery of life and death; of taking life to live; of giving life back—not only to your

c 1971 Edna Bullock, Courtesy Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona

c. 1971 Edna Bullock. Courtesy Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona

·© 1971 Edna Bullock Courtesy Center for Creative Photography University of Arizona

own children, but to the life of the whole land.

ABBÉ BREUIL, THE FRENCH PREHISTORIAN who worked extensively in the caves of southern France, has pointed out that the animal murals in those 20,000-year-old caves describe fertility as well as hunting—the birth of little bison and cow calves. They show a tender and accurate observation of the qualities and personalities of different creatures; implying a sense of the mutuality of life and death in the food chain; and what I take to be a sense of a sacramental quality in that relationship.

Inhabitation does not mean ''not traveling.'' The term does not of itself define the size of a territory. The size is determined by the bio-region type. The bison hunters of the great plains are as surely in a ''territory'' as the Indians of northern California, though the latter may have seldom ventured farther than thirty miles from where they were born. Whether a vast grassland, or a brushy mountain, the Peoples knew their geography. Any member of a hunting society could project from his visualization any spot in the surrounding landscape, and tell you what was there; how to get there. ''That's where you'd get some cattails.'' The bushmen of the Kalahari desert could locate a buried ostrich egg full of emergency water in the midst of a sandy waste—walk right up and dig it out. ''I put this here three years ago, just in case.''

Ray Dasmann has useful terms to make these distinctions: ''ecosystem-based cultures'' and ''biosphere cultures.'' By that Ray means societies whose life and economies are centered in terms of natural regions and watersheds, as against those who discovered—seven or eight thousand years ago in a few corners of the globe—that it was ''profitable'' to spill over into another drainage, another watershed, another peoples' territory, and steal away its resources, natural or human. Thus the Roman Empire would strip whole provinces for the benefit of the capital, and villa-owing Roman aristocrats would have huge slave-operated farms in the south using giant wheeled plows. Southern Italy never recovered. We know the term ''imperialism''—Dasmann's ''biosphere cultures'' adds to that, helps us realize that biological exploitation is a critical part of it too—the species made extinct. The clear-cut forests.

All that wealth and power pouring

''All land is sacred.'' To acknowledge this is to be aware of the mystery of life and death.

© 1971 Edna Bullock. Courtesy Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona

into a few centers had bizarre results. Philosophies and religions based on fascination with society, hierarchy, manipulation, and the "absolute." A great edifice called "the state" and the symbols of central power—in China what they used to call "the true dragon"; in the West, as Mumford says, symbolized perhaps by that bronze age fort called the Pentagon. No wonder Lévi-Strauss says that civilization has been in a long decline since the Neolithic.

So here in the twentieth century we find occidentals and orientals studying each other's Wisdom, and a few people on both sides studying what came before both—before they forked off. A book like *Black Elk Speaks*, which would probably have had zero readership in 1900, is perceived now as speaking of certain things that nothing in the Judaeo-Christian tradition, and almost nothing in the Hindu-Buddhist tradition, deals with. All the great civilized world religions remain primarily human centered. That next step is excluded, or forgotten—"well, what do you say to Magpie? What do you say to Rattlesnake when you meet him?" What do we learn from Wren, and Hummingbird, and Pine Pollen, and how. Learn what? Specifics: how to spend a life facing the current; or what it is to perpetually die young; or how to be huge and calm and eat *anything* (Bear). But also, that we are many selves looking at each other, through the same eye.

The reason many of us want to make this step is simple, and is explained in terms of the 40,000 year looping back that we seem to be involved in. Sometime in the last ten years the best brains of the Occident discovered to their amazement that we live in an Environment. This discovery has been forced on us by the realization that we are approaching the limits of something. Stewart Brand said that the photograph of the earth (taken from outer space by a satellite) that shows the whole blue orb with spirals and whorls of cloud, was a great landmark for human consciousness. We see that it has a shape, and it has limits. We are back again, now, in the position of our Mesolithic forebears—working off the coasts of southern Britain, or the shores of Lake Chad, or the swamps of southeast China, learning how to live by the sun and the green at that spot. We once more know that we live in a system that is enclosed in a certain way; that has its own kind of limits, and that we are interdependent with it.

THE ETHICS OR MORALITY OF THIS is far more subtle than merely being nice to squirrels. The biological-ecological sciences have been laying out (implicitly) a spiritual dimension. We must find our way to seeing the mineral cycles, the water cycles, air cycles, nutrient cycles, as sacramental—and we must incorporate that insight into our own personal spiritual quest and inte-

Yes, enter my personal subscription!

☐ One Year, $15 ☐ Bill me

☐ Three Years, $35 ☐ Payment enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

THE AMERICAN WEST is published every other month. Look for your first copy in 4–6 weeks.

EIØ7E Ø

Gift Subscription Card

☐ Please start a one-year (6 issues) gift subscription to THE AMERICAN WEST as I have indicated below. I understand you will bill me later for $15 and my gift will be announced by a beautiful, handwritten card.

Send my gift to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

The gift is from:

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Sign gift card: _____

Please allow 4–6 weeks for delivery of first issue.

LIØ7E-1

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 695 MARION, OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

THE
AMERICAN WEST
Subscription Services Dept.
P.O. Box 1960
Marion, Ohio 43306

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 695 MARION, OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

THE
AMERICAN WEST
Subscription Services Dept.
P.O. Box 1960
Marion, Ohio 43306

grate it with all the wisdom teachings we have received from the nearer past. The expression of it is simple: gratitude to it all, taking responsibility for your own acts; keeping contact with the sources of the energy that flow into your own life (i.e., dirt, water, flesh).

Another question is raised: Is not the purpose of all this living and studying the achievement of self-knowledge, self-realization? How does knowledge of place help us know the Self? The answer, simply put, is that we are all composite beings, not only physically but intellectually, whose sole individual identifying feature is a particular form or structure changing constantly in time. There is no "self" to be found in that, and yet oddly enough, there is. Part of you is out there waiting to come into you and another part of you is behind you, and the "just this" of the ever-present moment holds all the transitory little selves in its mirror. The Avatamsaka ("Flower Wreath") jeweled-net-interpenetration-ecological-systems-emptiness-consciousness tells us, no self-realization without the Whole Self, and the whole self is the whole thing.

Thus, knowing who and where are intimately linked. There are no limits to the possibilities of the study of *who* and *where*, if you want to go "beyond limits"—and so, even in a world of biological limits, there is plenty of open mind-space to go out into.

In Wendell Berry's essay "the unsettling of America" he points out that the way the economic system works now, you're penalized if you try to stay in one spot and do anything well. It's not just that the integrity of Native American land is threatened, or National Forests and Parks; it's *all* land that's under the gun, and any person or group of people who tries to stay there and do some one thing well, long enough, to be able to say, "I really love and know this place," stands to be penalized. The economics of it works so that anyone who jumps at the chance for quick profit is rewarded—doing proper agriculture means *not* to jump at the most profitable chance—proper forest management or game management means doing things with the far future in mind—and the future is unable to pay us for it right now. Doing things right means living as though your grandchildren would also be alive, in this land, carrying on the work we're doing right now, with deepening delight.

I saw old farmers in Kentucky last spring who belong in another century. They are inhabitants; they see the world they know crumbling and evaporating before them in the face of a different logic that declares, "everything you know, and do, and the way you do it, means nothing to us." How much more the pain, and loss of elegant cultural skills, on the part of non-white fourth-world primitive remnant cultures—who may know the special properties of a certain plant, or how to communicate with Dolphins, skills the industrial world might never regain. Not that special, intriguing knowledges are the real point: it's the sense of the magic system; the capacity to hear the song of Gaia *at that spot*, that's lost.

"Mankind has a rendezvous with destiny in Outer Space." Some say. We are already traveling in space. This is the galaxy, right here. The wisdom and skill of those who studied the universe first hand, by direct knowledge and experience, for millennia, both inside and outside themselves, is what we might call the Old Ways. Those who envision a possible future planet on which we continue that study, and where we live by the Green and the Sun, have no choice but to bring whatever science, imagination, strength, and political finesse they have to the support of the inhabitory people—natives and peasants of the world. Entering such paths, we begin to learn a little of the Old Ways, which are outside of history, and forever new.

Reprinted from "Re-inhabitation" in The Old Ways *by Gary Snyder, City Lights Books, San Francisco. Copyright© 1977 Gary Snyder.*

Gary Snyder *received a Pulitzer Prize for poetry with his* Turtle Island.

The late **Wynn Bullock** *used photography intuitively, to express direct sensual experience.*

What do we learn from Wren and Hummingbird, and Pine Pollen, and how? That we are many selves looking at each other, through the same eye.

THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

Thomas Jefferson & the Stony Mountains: Exploring the West from Monticello

Reviewed by Ferol Egan

Thomas Jefferson & the Stony Mountains: Exploring the West from Monticello *by Donald Jackson (University of Illinois Press, Champaign, 1981; 339 pp., maps, notes, biblio., index, $19.95).*

In this interesting history, Donald Jackson gives readers an intriguing study of Thomas Jefferson's role in the exploration of the West. As he points out, Jefferson's contribution to the history of the West was much more complex than his Presidential orders leading to the Louisiana Purchase and the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

During four decades from 1780 until his death in 1826, Jefferson gathered knowledge about the West, encouraged its exploration, and influenced national leaders to pursue his dream of a Western boundary on the Pacific shore. For he believed that the United States should encompass the trans-Mississippi West, the northern areas of Canada, the southern reaches of the continent, and even Cuba.

Jefferson was an armchair explorer whose vision of future national boundaries came to him from his extensive reading of geographical works. And he gathered books about him as though he feared there might be a shortage at any moment. His collection became the foundation for the Library of Congress.

To Jefferson, the West was a puzzle to be solved, a great area that was poorly mapped, holding a myriad of challenges for an explorer. He was intrigued with the prospect of finding new flora and fauna, great mineral wealth, unknown Indian tribes, as well as mammoths and giant sloths still living in some hidden valley.

In addition, the West was a region that might be dominated by the Spanish, French, and English. This contingency was to be avoided, for the United States was the heart of Democracy in the New World, a position to be protected and expanded. During Jefferson's first year as President, he once told James Monroe that one day the United States would "cover the whole northern, if not the southern continent."

This concept ("manifest destiny") that was to play such a role in the acquisition and settlement of the West did not come to Jefferson as a sudden spark of creation. Instead, the layers of thought that built such a notion came to him during many years of reading, of talking to men who knew something about the frontier, and of learning about the activities of such explorers as Captain James Cook, the La Vérendryes, George Vancouver, and Alexander Mackenzie.

As early as 1783, Jefferson tried to put together an expedition to explore the West. He had just completed his tenure as governor of Virginia, his wife Martha had recently died, and he had turned forty. It was time to begin the pursuit of his dream before the years of his life ran out, and he wrote to George Rogers Clark about the challenge of the English who were raising money to explore the continent from the Mississippi to California. Then he posed the question: "How would you like to lead such a party?"

Clark turned down the offer, and it appeared that the dream had ended when Jefferson left the next year to become Franklin's replacement as United States minister to France. But in the summer of 1785, Jefferson met John Ledyard of Connecticut who proposed an overland journey through Russia, across the Bering Strait, down the Pacific Coast, and then east to the United States. The prospect of such a journey excited Jefferson, but Ledyard could not get permission to travel across Russia. Still, he tried it only to be arrested and sent back after reaching Tobolsk in Siberia.

Even with this failure, the dream did not end. Jefferson kept the fires of imagination burning brightly and waited for the right moment to send a party of explorers into the American West. It came to him when as President he pulled off the best real estate deal in our history with the Louisiana Purchase. Then he selected the right men in Meriwether Lewis and William Clark (younger brother of George Rogers) to look over this new land, to map its features, to gather specimens of flora and fauna, to observe its mineral wealth, and to report on the culture of the Indian tribes.

The man from Monticello never traveled to the land he had read and thought about for so many years, but his legacy was the American West. His successors Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams were the carriers of his dream and passed it on to a long line of men who headed West.

On the day of Jefferson's death, July 4, 1826, "Jedediah S. Smith was preparing to lead a party from his camp near Great Salt Lake to the uncharted regions of inland California. The white spaces on the maps of Jefferson's West were filling in fast." And as Donald Jackson puts it in a book of great historical importance, the remarkable monument that Jefferson left was "a land where the American people could do what they loved doing best. They could grow."

Ferol Egan *is the author of such prize-winning books as* Frémont: Explorer for a Restless Nation *and* The El Dorado Trail.

DISCOVER
AMERICA'S NATIONAL PARKS

Plan your visit now with the new "Complete Guide to America's National Parks"

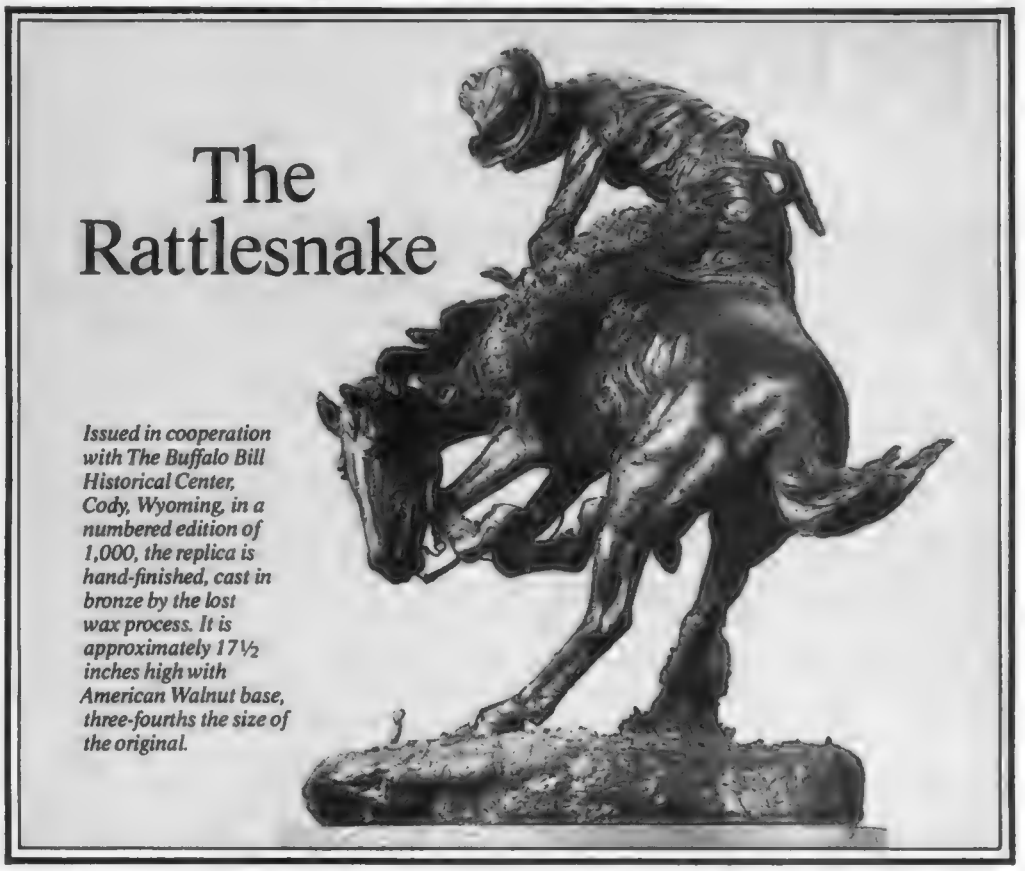
The official guide, published by the National Park Foundation, covers 353 of America's National Park areas. One easy-to-read, fact-filled volume contains everything to plan your trip efficiently: • permit/fee information • park activities • camping/hiking • telephone numbers • accommodations • supplies • first aid/hospitals • maps. An ideal gift item!

You can order copies of the *Complete Guide to America's National Parks* at $4.95 each plus $0.85 postage and handling per copy. D.C. residents add $0.25 Sales Tax per copy. (Enclose check or money order.)

Mail to: National Park Foundation
Department P
Post Office Box 57473
Washington, D.C. 20037

(Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.)

Now Available to Collectors of Western Art
Remington's Favorite Bronze . . .



Issued in cooperation with The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, in a numbered edition of 1,000, the replica is hand-finished, cast in bronze by the lost wax process. It is approximately 17½ inches high with American Walnut base, three-fourths the size of the original.

Museum Collections Announces the Fourth in a Series of Museum Quality Replicas of Frederic Remington's Incomparable Bronzes

The Rattlesnake was completed in 1905, at the height of Remington's enthusiasm for sculpture, and was in his own opinion his most successful bronze, his most fluent, dynamic and graceful rendering of the horse in motion.

A MOMENT OF HIGH DRAMA — CAPTURED FOREVER IN BRONZE

This remarkable bronze has all the impact of modern stop-action, high speed photography. The mustang and its rider are caught in a moment of terror, the horse rearing in instinctive reaction to the rattler, his rider responding instantly to the sudden, violent movement of his mustang, grasping his hat and gripping his saddle.

Like our three previous bronzes in the series — *The Bronco Buster, The Outlaw* and *The Cheyenne — The Rattlesnake* is faithful to the Remington original in every detail.

THE REPLICA IS THREE-FOURTHS THE SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL — APPROXIMATELY 17½ INCHES HIGH WITH WALNUT BASE

The Rattlesnake, in an edition of 1,000, is scaled to three-fourths the size of the original, foundry marked and dated to avoid its ever being mistaken for one of Remington's originals.

Modeled from number 17 of the approximately 100 casts of this bronze that Remington made during his lifetime, *The Rattlesnake* was originally cast at the Roman Bronze Works by the lost wax process, which is the identical process used in creating our limited edition.

THE QUALITY OF THIS REPLICA EDITION IS GUARANTEED

The model for the edition has been approved by the trustees of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center. As each bronze is cast it is carefully inspected by our own experts at Museum Collections Inc. to assure that it meets our exacting standards of quality.

A REMARKABLE VALUE IN TODAY'S INFLATED ART MARKET

At a time when bronzes of lesser quality are selling in prices in the thousands, this edition is offered to collectors at $1875. We urge you to act promptly to reserve your bronze now — there is a waiting list for each of the three limited edition Remington bronzes that have been issued, and it is expected that the demand for this fine replica will also exceed the number of bronzes available.

Each bronze is accompanied by a Certificate of Ownership signed by the director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, and your purchase is registered permanently in your name in the archives of the Center.

GUARANTEED REPURCHASE AGREEMENT:

Museum Collections Inc. unconditionally guarantees to repurchase your bronze at the issue price of $1875 any time within one year of your purchase.

WE URGE YOU TO ACT PROMPTLY. . .

More than 65% of the limited edition has been subscribed. You may reserve one of the remaining bronzes by sending us your check now. Issue price $1875. Major credit cards accepted. A five month payment plan may be arranged.

800-243-4492 or write: Elizabeth Krieger, Director, Museum Collections Inc. Dept L40, 140 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn. 06830 for illustrated brochure.

museum collections INC
A TIME INC. COMPANY

WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

Harper and Row's Complete Field Guide to North American Wildlife, Western Edition, *assembled by Jay Ellis Ransom (Harper and Row, New York, 1981; 809 pp., illus., life lists, index, $12.95 vinyl, $17.50 cloth).*
Intended for use in the field by both amateur and professional naturalists, this guide will aid in the accurate identification of 1,800 species of birds, mammals, reptiles, amphibians, fish, mollusks, and marine invertebrates found in the West. In preparation by a team of experts for more than ten years, the manual includes over 100 plates, many in color.

Where is the Eagle? *by William E. Coffer (Koi Hosh) (Van Nostrand Reinhold Company, New York, 1981; 271 pp., illus., index, $16.95).*
Legends of the natural world from over seventy American Indian tribes make up this enchanting collection. These profound and eloquent tales have been told for centuries. Together, they lead toward a new understanding of the Indians' reverent, harmonious relationship with "mother earth."

Mariano Medina: Colorado Mountain Man *by Zethyl Gates (Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1981; 110 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $5.95 paper).*
Friend of such celebrated mountain men as Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, Medina was an active participant in opening the Colorado wilderness during the mid-1800s. This crisp, well-researched biography depicts his adventures as trapper, guide to Frémont, and keeper of a toll bridge and trading post near present-day Loveland.

Salish Weaving *by Paula Gustafson (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1980; 131 pp., illus., appen., index, $24.95).*
This attractive, oversized book is a pleasant blend of history, folklore, and practical crafts techniques. Paula Gustafson tells the story of the 1200-year-old Salish Indian art of weaving and how a group of Northwest Coast Indian women revived the dying knowledge in the 1960s. With the aid of numerous fine photographs, the author interprets the symbolism of the woven designs and provides descriptions of techniques for preparing fibers (including a recipe for making vegetable dyes), stringing the loom, and weaving.

Saddles *by Russel H. Beatie (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1981; 391 pp., illus., appen., glossary, biblio., index, $35.00).*
This attractive, oversize volume might be called "the ultimate book on saddles." It covers every conceivable aspect—the history, types, parts and accessories, care, and manufacture—of saddles, and the dynamics of riding, all described in careful detail. Photos and drawings show countless varieties of saddles and related gear.

Talking to the Moon *by John Joseph Mathews (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1981; 244 pp., illus., $12.95).*
For ten years Mathews lived alone like a twentieth-century Thoreau in a small sandstone house on the edge of the Oklahoma prairie. His sensitive descriptions of the land, the seasons, and his animal and human visitors are poetic and memorable.

Ancient Ruins of the Southwest: An Archeological Guide *by David Grant Noble (Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1981; 156 pp., illus., maps, appen., $8.95 paper).*
Everyone who has been intrigued by archeological "digs" and shadowy signs of prior civilizations will rejoice in this attractive guidebook. It outlines the story of the ancient Indian peoples of the Southwest and tells exactly how to reach the sites where haunting remnants of their cities may still be explored by contemporary travelers.

Pioneer Women: Voices from the Kansas Frontier *by Joanna L. Stratton (Simon & Schuster, New York, 1981; 319 pp., illus., appen., biblio., index, $16.95).*
These recollections of homesteading on the Kansas prairie were first gathered by the author's great-grandmother from 800 women. Their stories paint a vivid picture of life in sod houses—plagued by grasshoppers and prairie fires, lightened by neighborliness and simple pleasures.

Joaquin Murrieta and His Horse Gangs *by Frank F. Latta (Bear State Books, Santa Cruz, California, 1980; 685 pp., illus., index, $24.95).*
Mystery still surrounds the identity and death of the legendary California bandit Murrieta. The author of this comprehensive study examines all the contradictory reports in a painstaking attempt to sort fact from fiction.

Ansel Adams: The Eloquent Light *by Nancy Newhall (Aperture, Inc., Millerton, New York, 1980; 175 pp., illus., $60.00).*
This exquisite book displays many of Ansel Adams's matchless evocations of Western grandeur. The accompanying biography of Adams's early years (1902–1938) provides a moving portrait of this vibrant man as master photographer.

Los Angeles 1781–1981; *A Special Bicentennial Issue of* California History, *Larry L. Meyer, Guest Editor (California Historical Society, San Francisco, 1981; 112 pp., illus., maps, $6.50 for CHS members, $7.95 for non-members).*
To celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the City of the Angels, the California Historical Society has published this special commemorative edition of their journal. Entertaining articles by noted historians, enhanced by intriguing old photographs, celebrate the story of this unique city from its Spanish beginnings to present-day Disneyland.

The Saints and the Union: Utah Territory during the Civil War *by E. B. Long (University of Illinois Press, Champaign-Urbana, 1981; 310 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $17.95).*
Long's portrayal of the conflict between two volatile personalities—Mormon leader Brigham Young and U.S. General Patrick

Connor—highlights a little-known aspect of the Civil War. Their battle of wills and words provides the focus for a lively narrative of the Mormon, Indian, and military history surrounding Utah's quest for statehood in the 1860s.

Early Oklahoma Oil: A Photographic History, 1859–1936 *by Kenny A. Franks, Paul F. Lambert, and Carl N. Tyson (Texas A & M University Press, College Station, Texas, 1981; 245 pp., illus., index, $27.95).*
The last great rush for oil in the American West is portrayed in hundreds of old photographs of wildcatters, derricks, gushers, and disasters. Here is all the drive and drama of those fabulous boomtown days when Osage Indians became millionaires overnight and Tulsa was known as "the oil capital of the world."

Great Expectations: The Story of Benicia, California *by Richard Dillon (Benicia Heritage Book, Inc., Benicia, 1980; 241 pp., illus., index, $17.50).*
Benicia's past has yielded a book full of rich, spirited stories about its populace of forty-niners, railroaders, shippers, military men, boxers, writers, and just plain characters. Richard Dillon's skillful telling weaves two centuries of life in this old California port town into an absorbing tapestry.

The Seven Visions of Bull Lodge, *as told by his daughter, Garter Snake; gathered by Fred P. Gone; edited by George Horse Capture (Bear Claw Press, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1980; 125 pp., illus., appen., $7.95 paper).*
The seven visions that came to young Bull Lodge revealed his future as a great healer and warrior of the Gros Ventre tribe. This simple narration of his true story powerfully invokes the spirit of a traditional Indian viewpoint.

The Chisholm Trail: High Road of the Cattle Kingdom *by Don Worcester (Published for the Amon Carter Museum by the University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1981; 207 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $14.50).*
This delightful description brings to life the days when millions of longhorns were driven north from Texas ranches to Dodge City and other Kansas railheads. On-the-spot photos, many taken in the 1870s and 1880s by frontier photographer L. A. Huffman, capture authentic work scenes from this epic cowboy era.

BISON BOOKS

The Great Gates
The Story of the Rocky Mountain Passes

By Marshall Sprague • "Somewhat in the manner of an eloquent guide, he conducts the reader along a modern highway, shows how it traverses a famous mountain gap and gives a history of the discovery of the route he is following."—*New York Times Book Review.* x, 468 pages, illustrated.
Cloth **$23.50;** paper BB 742 **$8.50**

Frontiersmen in Blue
The United States Army and the Indian, 1848–1865

By Robert M. Utley • . . . a comprehensive history of the achievements and failures of the United States regular and volunteer armies that confronted the Indian tribes of the West in the two decades between the Mexican War and the close of the Civil War. xvi, 384 pages, illustrated. Cloth **$23.50;** paper BB 769 **$9.95**

Golden Fleece

By Hughie Call • *Introduction by Judith Austin* • "This is the every day, twelve months of the year West which knows the hard winters, the droughts, the bad roads, the jangling of the party line, the problems of stock growing, the behavior of livestock, the hard work, the catastrophes, and the struggle to make a living in a country which is still and will always be wild at heart."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* xx, 250 pages, illustrated.
Cloth **$16.50;** paper BB 760 **$5.25**

Cogewea, The Half-Blood
A Depiction of the Great Montana Cattle Range

By Hum-ishu-ma, "Mourning Dove" • *Introduction by Dexter Fisher* • The first known novel by a Native American woman, *Cogewea* (1927) is the story of a half-blood girl caught between the worlds of Anglo ranchers and full-blood reservation Indians; between book learning and the folk wisdom of her grandmother. xviii, 320 pages. Cloth **$17.95;** paper BB 754 **$6.25**

Individuals please prepay. *Visa* and *Master Charge* accepted. Include 75¢ shipping and, in Nebraska, state and local sales tax.

Write for complete catalog of Bison Books.

University of Nebraska Press
901 North 17th Lincoln 68588

An agonized moan rose from the crowd as it helplessly watched Maloney fall to his death.

Chanute about the flights of *The Santa Clara*. In late May, 1905, the Wrights began assembling a new machine with major changes in the design and control system, testing it on June 23. It appears that Montgomery and *The Santa Clara* had spurred the complacent Wright brothers into action, something Chanute himself had been trying to do for months. Wilbur and Orville realized, with a shock, that they no longer had a monopoly on a stable, controllable, successful flying machine. There seemed to be another.

Montgomery's next public flying exhibition took place at a race track, on May 21, 1905, with admission being charged. The day's events were a total disappointment for Montgomery. Both *The Santa Clara* and a backup plane, *The California*, suffered mishaps during flight attempts, and the crowd showered John with boos and catcalls. His faith in the aeroplane design was not shaken, however, for each time the plane had been released from the balloon, even prematurely, it had performed perfectly. But Montgomery had no comparable faith in the skill of the amateur ground crews and determined to handle the next launch himself.

On July 18, 1905, Montgomery and Dan Maloney demonstrated the plane to a youth group convening on the Santa Clara campus. The familiar preliminaries were carried out: build the fire, fill the balloon, move it carefully over the aeroplane, gradually let it rise until the tether line is taut. But, once again, just as the balloon was released, an errant rope tangled about the guy wires above the plane's rear wing.

Montgomery shouted a warning to Maloney, but it was lost amid the cheers of the young onlookers, and Maloney ascended, unaware of impending tragedy. Hoping against hope that the tangled line would loosen its hold, John watched anxiously as Dan cut loose at about 3,000 feet. A few seconds later the spectators saw the right rear wing of *The Santa Clara* bend almost to a right angle with the left, and then heard the awful noise of the wooden structure cracking. An agonized moan rose from the crowd as it helplessly watched Maloney fall to earth. Dan Maloney died a few minutes after he was taken to the infirmary.

Montgomery was inconsolable, as he had grown very fond of his reliable and enthusiastic pilot. For weeks John remained in seclusion, certain he would never resume his flying experiments. Eventually he returned to the laboratory and workshop and gradually came to feel he must continue his work.

Unfortunately, the resumed test flights were plagued by mishaps, one endangering a pilot's life. In frustration, Montgomery decided to abandon the unwieldy balloons and to build a launching system to be used from the top of a hill.

In the early morning of April 18, 1906, Montgomery's problems and plans suddenly became insignificant as the great earthquake struck its devastating blow to the San Francisco bay region. Montgomery was obliged to discontinue work on his aeroplane temporarily. By the time that rebuilding of the area was well under way and financing was again available, the days of the powerless aeroplane were over. Europeans made a number of powered hops in 1906 and 1907. In 1908, after two-and-one-half years of relative inactivity, the Wrights came from behind the bushes of Huffman's pasture to show the world what a real flying machine could do.

John had a few bright moments in the period following the earthquake. His aeroplane patent was granted on September 18, 1906 (No. 831,173), he was invited to speaking engagements across the country, and he wrote a series of articles for the 1908 and 1909 issues of *Aeronautics* magazine. He was also belatedly recognized as "the first to conquer the air" when the Austrian Flying Technical Society, after painstaking research, concluded that Montgomery was first to make a winged flight. He was all but ready to assume the role of a respected aviation has-been when two new people entered his life.

On June 30, 1910, John married Regina M. Cleary, a beautiful and talented woman from San Francisco. Her interest in his work encouraged him to make plans for new flying experiments, and in December, 1910, he reached a formal agreement with Victor Lougheed, a Chicago entrepreneur, engineer, and aviation ethusiast. John was to provide the theory and the aeroplane; Lougheed would provide the engine and would also finance experiments with powered flight. Lougheed later changed the spelling of his name to the now famous Lockheed.

By October, 1911, John had designed and built a new aeroplane, radically different from the 1905 tandem-wing craft. The new aeroplane was a high-wing monoplane with wheeled landing gear. The single wing had a span of twenty-six feet and a front to back dimension of seventy-nine inches. The pilot sat in a shallow bucket seat and controlled the craft with a modern-looking yoke.

Unpowered flying tests of the monoplane began on October 17, 1911, from the hills above Evergreen Valley, on the southeast outskirts of San Jose. The operation had the quality of a pleasant country outing. Regina, John, and his two assistants lived in tents pitched in the valley below the hill where the launches were made.

By midafternoon on October 31, the small crew had conducted fifty-five successful flights, most of them with Montgomery at the controls. They were testing the effect of changes in contour of the uniquely adjustable wing. John felt he was close to the perfect shape and wanted to make a minor adjustment and try a few more flights. A colleague, Cornelius

Reinhardt, made the requested changes and asked if he might cut off some protruding bolts that could injure the pilot in a rough landing. John declined, feeling that the extra length might be needed for future adjustments.

The two men positioned the aeroplane on the launch track, and Montgomery took off into a stiff breeze. The wings lifted efficiently and John soared out over the valley, circling high above the tents, three-quarters of a mile from the track. Regina waved as he banked and turned. Updrafts lifted him still higher, and he was able to soar back toward the track and land on a ridge above it.

Montgomery was elated with the craft's performance, the best of the entire two weeks. He and Reinhardt made a few small changes and then moved the little monoplane onto the track again. This would be the perfect flight, the culmination of the tests. Reinhardt describes what happened:

"As the glider rolled swiftly down the runway he pulled his elevator controls apparently too sharply. The glider suddenly rose up in the air at a 60 degree angle. I saw Montgomery was startled, seemingly afraid the glider would flop backwards. He pulled himself up in the framework, trying to change the controls, but the glider slipped sideways and threw the back of his head against the projecting end of one of the stove bolts....The wing tip struck the ground. I was with him in a moment and he said to me, 'What is happening, what's wrong? How is the machine?' and I answered, 'How are you?'

"With the other helper, we got a small army canvas cot from the tent and carried Montgomery down the hill on it....It was about two hours after the accident that Montgomery, without speaking again, groaned heavily and died."

During the three decades following John's death the aeroplane became the *airplane* and quite literally changed the world, while Montgomery and his pioneering contributions were all but forgotten. Fortunately there were a few who still remembered, and with their help he was rescued from oblivion after the middle of the century. An impressive monument now marks the site of Montgomery's first flight; a feature motion picture, *Gallant Journey,* brought his story to the general public; and a well-documented biography by Arthur D. Spearman, S.J., lays to rest any lingering doubts about Montgomery's fundamental contribution to the science of aviation.

No one suggests that John Montgomery replace the Wright brothers as inventor of the airplane. They justly deserve that recognition. Still, it should be remembered that when Wilbur and Orville read their first book on aviation, Chanute's *Progress in Flying Machines,* it contained an account of John Montgomery's first winged controlled flights from that hilltop in southern California on August 28, 1883.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The major part of the documentation for this article comes from the extensive Montgomery collection held in the University of Santa Clara Archives. University Archivist, Gerald McKevitt, S.J., provided invaluable help in the use of these materials. Important sources are: Octave Chanute, *Progress in Flying Machines* (1894); Winsor Josselyn, "He Flew in 1883," *Harper's Magazine,* June, 1940; *The Papers of Wilbur and Orville Wright, Vol. One (1899–1905),* ed. Marvin W. McFarland (1953); Arthur D. Spearman, *John Joseph Montgomery: Father of Basic Flying,* 2nd ed. (1977).

Weston George *is a free-lance writer from Sunnyvale, California, who discovered John Montgomery while researching a book entitled* Kites for All Seasons *(1978).*

In October of 1911, John Montgomery began a series of tests of his graceful new monoplane with adjustable wings. Held in the Evergreen hills near San Jose, California, the tests ended with an accident which took Montgomery's life.

COURTESY, UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA ARCHIVES

The mountain was a springboard, releasing Stevensonian fantasy.

Silverado Honeymoon *(Continued from page 33)*

In this regenerating wilderness, Robert Louis Stevenson found a reflection of himself. The mountain's return to its natural state paralleled his own return to health and symbolized his entrance into adulthood, the natural state which had so far evaded him. Upon the image of the mountain he superimposed his own fertile imagination, and in *The Silverado Squatters,* Mount Saint Helena and the stark Silverado surroundings became springboards for the release of great quantities of Stevensonian fantasy. Robert and Fanny became "the King and Queen of Silverado," Lloyd, "the Crown Prince." Silverado, in fact the remnants of a dirty, run-down mining town, became a place of romance into which Stevenson threw himself with gusto. His explorations of the mountainside yielded commonplace discoveries which were sources of wonder in his eyes:

> And far down, buried in foliage, deep out of sight of Silverado, I came on a last outpost of the mine—a mound of gravel, some wreck of wooden aqueduct, and the mouth of a tunnel, like a treasure grotto in a fairy story. . . . It was a promising spot for the imagination. No boy could have left it unexplored.

While at Silverado, Robert also completed *The Amateur Emigrant,* the tale of his London to California trip, as well as the journal of his Napa Valley honeymoon and a collection of other pieces begun earlier during his stay in America.

Stevenson's mountain experience had a favorable impact on his later works as well. As Anne Roller Issler points out in her study of the Silverado adventure *Our Mountain Hermitage,* this "treasure grotto" may have helped plant *Treasure Island* (published three years later) in Stevenson's imagination. The book's character Long John Silver bears similarity in name to Stevenson's playful personification of his mining town, "Juan Silverado." The description of Treasure Island's Spy-Glass-Hill—"running up sheer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on"—is that of Mount Saint Helena. And Treasure Island's vegetation—contorted oak-like trees, nutmeg, poison oak—pressed in on Silverado from all sides. In later years, Stevenson made no attempt to hide his debt to California for providing descriptive material, not only for *Treasure Island,* but for a host of other poems and stories.

The Stevensons took possession of their honeymoon castle on June 9; by the end of July, the mountain had served its purpose, and the couple was ready to leave, first for a brief stop in San Francisco, then to return to Europe. In an irony which might appeal to Napa County numerologists, the newlyweds arrived in Liverpool on the same date that Robert had arrived in New York City one year before, August 17, the eve of the feast day of Saint Helena.

Robert Louis Stevenson's visit to America resulted in his commitment to an unlikely love who fulfilled a belief he had expressed three years earlier: "Falling in love is the one illogical adventure, the one thing of which we are tempted to think as supernatural, in our trite and reasonable world." Ahead of Stevenson lay the full flowering of his gifts and the achievement of worldwide fame before his tragic death in Samoa at the age of forty-four. Behind him stood a symbol of his growth to maturity, a mountain in California's Napa Valley of which he had written: "Mount Saint Helena is not only a summit, but a frontier."

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The best source on Robert Louis Stevenson's visit to Mount Saint Helena is Stevenson himself. See: *The Silverado Squatters,* and *From Scotland to Silverado* (1966), which contains all of Stevenson's writings about his 1879–80 trip to America; *Robert Louis Stevenson's Silverado Journal* (1954), a limited edition of the journal which he kept at Silverado; *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* (1923) edited by Sidney Colvin. Informative accounts written by others include: Anne Roller Issler, *Our Mountain Hermitage* (1950) and *Happier for His Presence* (1949); Isobel Field, *This Life I've Loved* (1937); Margaret Mackay, *The Violent Friend* (1968).

Robert Leonard Reid *is the Wilderness Representative for the Loma Prieta Chapter of the Sierra Club. He has written articles for a wide variety of magazines and is currently at work on a novel.*

Charles M. Russell
(1864-1926)
Peace, c. 1890
15½" in diameter, oil

Oscar Edmund Berninghaus
(1874-1952)
Indian Squaw on Horseback, 20⅛ x 16⅛ in., oil

Hammer Galleries
Since 1928
Box P, 33 West 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 644-4400

SHIDONI

7th ANNUAL
OUTDOOR SCULPTURE SHOW
JUNE 28 — SEPTEMBER 15, 1981
TESUQUE, NEW MEXICO 87574

A national, all-media show of contemporary sculpture
displayed on 13 acres near Santa Fe.

Painting: John Fincher • 24"x 37" Poster available for $25.00, postage paid

Western Lookout

(Continued from page 13)

Association, "Country School Legacy: Humanities on the Frontier" will examine rural schools operating between 1870 and 1950 in North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado, Kansas, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, and Nebraska. Researchers plan to create an archive on country schools as well as a thirty-minute color film and sixteen traveling exhibits.

Historic Beaver. In 1856 Mormon pioneers founded the town of Beaver at the foot of the Tushar Mountains in southwestern Utah. Now members of the Utah Historical Society are working to have the Beaver Multiple Resource District included on the National Register of Historic Places. Encompassing 131 different sites from agricultural outbuildings and private homes to a cemetery, the District reflects many distinct aspects of Mormon culture.

Moving Meeting. True to the spirit of American explorers, the thirteenth annual meeting of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation will take place on the road. Those attending the three-day traveling meeting will board buses in Helena, Montana, August 3 for a 365-mile journey over segments of the Lewis and Clark Trail. In addition to crossing the Continental Divide by back roads, touring Foundation members will visit several historic sites before returning to Helena for the annual awards banquet.

Pueblo Dance. The ceremonial dances of the seasons in Pueblo Indian culture are the subject of a new exhibit coming to the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center on August 1. "Pueblo Dance: Perspectives from Paintings" will present works by Pueblo artists which depict the Corn Dance, the Buffalo Dance, and other important rituals. The exhibit ends September 27.

400th Birthday. In 1581 Fray Agustín de Rodríguez and a small missionary party ventured northward along the Rio Grande, becoming the first Europeans on record to move through El Paso del Norte, the Pass of the North. Now a combined metropolis of over one million people, the border cities of El Paso, Texas, and Juárez, Mexico, plan to celebrate their shared heritage in a month-long birthday party this July. Festivities include the State Mexican Rodeo Championships, a procession along the Butterfield Trail, and an elaborate street festival. As a permanent memorial to the region's colorful past, four outdoor murals will be painted in downtown areas.

THE GOVERNOR'S WOMAN

by

Patricia Warren

A new release from Ms. Warren's bronze series on women of the Southwest.

bronze bas relief 19½" X 23½"

RG reminisce gallery, inc.

3322 CAMP BOWIE BOULEVARD • FORT WORTH, TEXAS 76107
(817) 335-4295

E. Irving Couse (1866–1936)

The Falls by Moonlight Oil 8x10

Joan Cawley Gallery
Div. White Buffalo Gallery
1010 N. Main, Suite 1
Wichita, Kansas 67203
(316) 263-3136

Western Snapshots

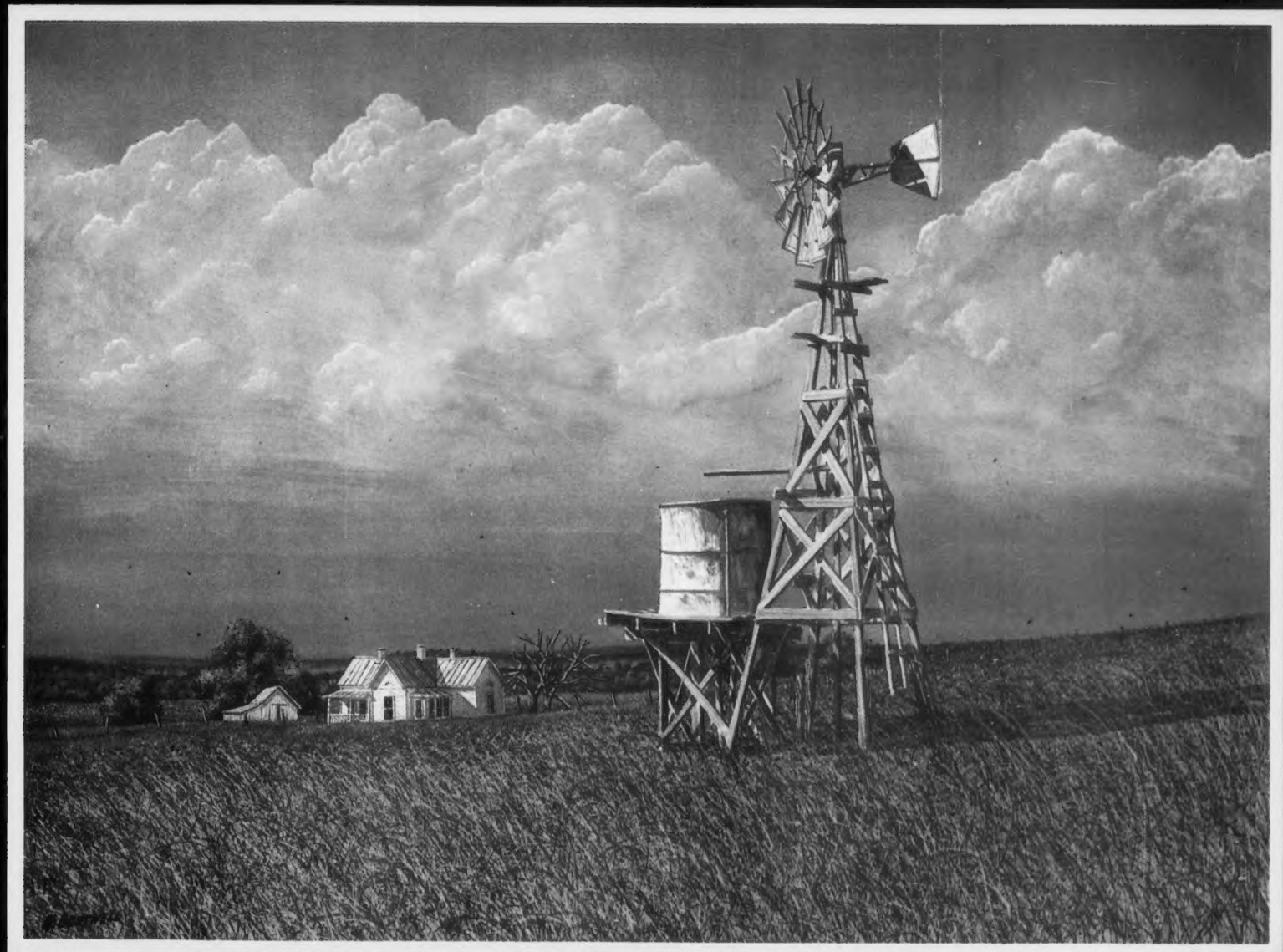
Dappled sunlight and graceful trees add to the magical sense of harmony in this Independence Day picture from 1901. In observance of a yearly custom, the Estes and the Tombling families of Colorado have set up camp, bringing to a shady grove on the Estes' La Veta ranch all the comforts of home. No marching bands or grandstand political speeches disturb their repose in this private retreat, ideally suited to the enjoyment of friendship and nature.

This photograph comes to us from Elinor Wilson of San Diego, California, whose mother, Hazel Tombling, is holding the reins of the horse at right. Mrs. Wilson's grandmother, Lillian Mae Tombling, seated on the hammock with her twin babies, was a plucky outdoorswoman, as well as the mother of six. In order "to get away for a rest," she once traveled from Aguilar, Colorado, to Taos, New Mexico, with two children and a pet dog, pitching a tent along the way and shooting game for campfire meals.

All of the children in the photograph come under the attentive care of nursemaid Nellie Banks, who sits sidesaddle in a frilly white dress. Her impractical but pretty picnic outfit and the incongruous rifle across her lap make Nellie an appealing and puzzling part of this pastoral scene. In this Fourth of July portrait of confidence and contentment, there is not even a firecracker to raise alarm.

THE AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose western snapshot is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs which tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to THE AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

George Boutwell



"WEST OF COLEMAN, TEXAS" ORIGINAL WATERCOLOR 22"x30"

FOR INFORMATION ON THIS AND OTHER ORIGINALS CONTACT:

Boutwell Gallery Limited

3913 Ave C
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78751
(512) 458-2124

CATALOG OF LIMITED EDITIONS ALSO AVAILABLE

GRAY STONE PRESS

• GRAY STONE PRESS • PUBLISHER OF FINE LIMITED EDITION PRINTS •

ZOLTAN SZABO **NIGHT SENTRY** 23¼" x 29½" 1,000 S/N $60

CHUCK REN **FIRST SNOW** 22½" x 27¾" 600 S/N $75

For further information about these artists and other Limited Edition Collector Prints from their works, contact the Gray Stone dealer located nearest you. If there is not an authorized Gray Stone Dealer in your area, call us collect and we will put one in touch with you.

Gray Stone Press Limited Edition Collector Prints

205 Louise Ave. Nashville, TN 37203 (615) 327-9497